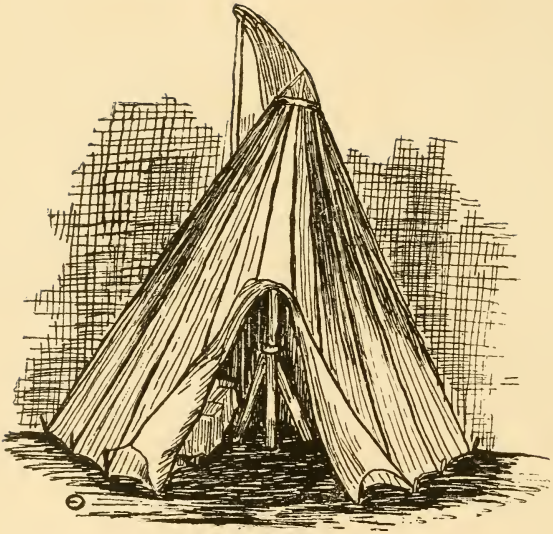

Camp-Fire Stories

OF THE

Mississippi Valley Campaign

BY

Marie Louise Benton Bankston

(Historian Stonewall Jackson Chapter 1135
United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1912-13.)

"Not for self but for the Cause."

LOUISIANA SERIES

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DEDICATION.

TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF THE SOUTH,
THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED;
WITH THE HOPE, THAT IT MAY ASSIST TO A DEEPER
STUDY AND HIGHER APPRECIATION, OF THE
SACRIFICES, DEVOTION AND VALOR
OF THEIR FATHERS;
KINDLING A ZEAL IN THEIR HEARTS
TO BECOME WORTHY OF THEIR HERITAGE OF
PATRIOTISM.

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FOREWORD.

THE ebb-tide of time has taken us far adrift from the issues that culminated in the war between the States. All organized Southern Societies now realize that the only full and final tribute, we can pay to the Confederate Soldier, is to crown his deeds, with a true version of his motive, and transmit untarnished the story of his suffering and loyalty.

Animated by this desire, I launch my little volume—sheafs of grain, gathered from many fields of valor, devoted first to deeds of Louisiana's sons on Louisiana soil. Should it meet with favor, other works will follow, as Louisiana gave freely of the flower of her manhood to every battle of the Confederacy. The history of the Army of Northern Virginia cannot be written without telling the glory of the Louisiana Soldier.

I offer this contribution, not in memory of a Lost Cause, but as a witness to a Living Principle.

The facts presented in these pages have been obtained largely from participants in the action. It has been a delightful task to draw from the Veterans of the great struggle, a vivid picture of the scenes of their

heroism. While we yet have a "cloud of living witnesses" around us, let us work, that our children may, too, bear the torch.

In the printed sources of information I have consulted to verify the facts, I have sought both Northern and Southern authorities with equal impartiality.

In the text-books put into the hands of our children, the term "Rebel" is too often used in the sense of traitor.

The South did oppose the attempt of the United States Government to invade Southern soil with armed force for the purpose of coercion. Mr. John Fiske, that admirable Northern historian, says, in treating this point:

"For my own part, I have sympathized with so many of the rebellions in history, from the revolt of the Ionian cities against Darius Hystaspes down to the uprising in Cuba, that I am quite unable to conceive of 'rebel' as a term of reproach. In England, to this day, Cromwell's admirers do not hesitate to speak with pride of the Great Rebellion. While my own sympathies are thoroughly Northern, as befits a Connecticut Yankee, I could still take off my hat to the statute of Robert E. Lee when I passed it in New Or-

leans. His was devotion to the self-government, which seemed in mortal peril."

If we can but interest the youth of our country in these great ideals of Southern manhood, aglow with love of independence, the author will have cause to rejoice in the fruits of her labor.

M. Louise Benton Bankston.

CHAPTER I.

CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

IT is a far cry, back to the first issue, between North and South. Perhaps it was in 1785, when Spain positively refused to yield the free navigation of the Mississippi River. Mr. Jay, Secretary of State then, recommended a waiver for thirty years to all claims to free navigation of the Mississippi.

The seven Northern States voted solidly for this measure, and the five Southern, excepting one member, voted against it.

Thus began the drawing of geographical lines, upon a question in which the South showed patriotic statesmanship, and the North a narrow jealousy of any expansion beyond its own section.

Mr. Jefferson, from Paris, wrote strongly to Mr. Madison in disapproval. The interests, of all the settlements along the waters of the Mississippi, were sacrificed to the jealousy of the party in power.

In 1786 the Georgia Legislature declared by resolution the right of a State to self-government, and resented the attempt of Congress to treat with the Creeks—as subversive of State's Rights.

A crisis arose in the State of Alabama in 1833 over her independent right to regulate the difficulties which had arisen between the Creek Indians on the Reservation and the pre-emption rights of settlers. The Governor of Alabama sent a lengthy note of protest to Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, in the defense of State Sovereignty.

The President appointed Francis Scott Key Commissioner to visit Alabama and adjust all questions in dispute. Mr. Key was a man of elegant address, gifted with attainments in law and diplomacy.

He had already attained fame and country-wide popularity at home, as the author of the greatest national air, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Mr. Key's efforts effected a settlement. A contemporary author wrote:

"This controversy was not settled upon principle, but smothered in compromise."

We see once more the Federal Government yielding the point at issue to the hostile demonstration of the State.

When Thomas Jefferson was President, the maritime States boldly opposed the embargo laws, declaring their enforcement was an adequate cause for dissolving the Union.

As far back as 1832, when the Convention at Columbia, South Carolina, adopted the Nullification Act of John C. Calhoun, rebelling against the tariff adopted by the United States Government, the Convention announced that every measure of coercion on the part of the Federal Government be regarded as inconsistent with a further continuance in the Union.

After the adoption of the Constitution, during the administration of John Adams, the commercial States of the North repudiated the right of secession and opposed the resolutions of the Kentucky and Virginia Legislatures, which had declared, in last resort, that the State was the sole umpire as to all Federal questions; but as soon as the Federalists saw a danger of losing control of Government they threatened disunion—upon every question which threatened to diminish their waning power.

The suppression of the Whisky Insurrection in Washington's Administration gave rise to talk of civil war and overthrow of the Administration. Jefferson feared the excise law would produce disunion. Wolcott expressed a hope that the insurgent district be chastised or rejected from the Union.

"Hamilton was chagrined to find that the march of the militia to enforce the excise laws was greeted with

laughter and derision. Edmund Randolph expressed a fear that the insurgents would call England to their aid, and thus bring about a disruption of the Union.

"Jefferson, in his Memoirs, said that John Quincy Adams called upon him during the controversy over the embargo laws, and declared he had information of the most unmistakable character that certain citizens of the Eastern States, Massachusetts particularly, were in negotiation with the British Government, the object of which was an agreement that the New England States should take no further part in executing embargo laws against hostile British orders in council, and that they would withdraw from all aid and obedience to the Union."

The next great issue between North and South was the acquisition of Louisiana. Here we see exhibited sectional jealousy against expansion of territory. The North openly declared that separation from the Union would be preferable to acquisition of Louisiana.

There was a movement for a combine of the Northern and Eastern States in 1804.

Mr. Adams gives incidents of a visit to Rufus King. He says: 'I found there sitting Timothy Pickering, who shortly after withdrew.' Mr. King said: 'Mr. Pickering has been talking to me about a project they have for a

separation of the States and the forming of a Northern Confederacy.' "

Governor Plummer, of New Hampshire, was a pronounced Secessionist. In a letter to Mr. Adams he admitted he was a disunionist at that period, and in favor of forming a separate Government in New Hampshire.

When Virginia and Kentucky passed their celebrated resolutions in 1798 against the Alien and Sedition Laws, and declared as there was no umpire to settle between the State and Federal Government, that each State must decide upon its own redress, the commercial States all denied the doctrine. The agricultural States affirmed this power.

Now observe that, when the acquisition of Louisiana was impending, these same States boldly declared they would dissolve the Union.

From his seat in Congress, Josiah Quincy, a leader from Massachusetts, declared if the bill for the purchase of Louisiana became a law it was a virtual dissolution of the Union; that it would free the States from their moral obligation.

"The cry was, the Union has long since been dissolved; it was time this part of the dis-united States takes care of itself."

Further, that "it would be the right of all to prepare for a separation, amicably, if they could, violently, if they must."

The War of 1812 kindled anew the spirit of sectionalism in the North, while the South rallied as a unit to the United States' defense. It was the Southern Volunteer of Tennessee, Kentucky and Louisiana that won the victory for the United States on the plains of Chalmette, while the States of New England, as soon as its commerce was threatened, clamored for peace.

The Governors of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and the Governor of Vermont, ordered the return of the militia to those States which had gone into Canada to confront the British.

From the examples we have now given, in historical sequence, our students of history can clearly draw the conclusion that the doctrine of Secession had its birth and was fostered in the New England States.

It was only when it was put into practical application, by the Southern States, that it became treason in their sight.

Sustaining this view, we find Aaron Burr, a prominent statesman of New York, relying upon the consent of the North and the forbearance of the South, engaged in organizing an armed expedition to make New Orleans the capital of a great Southwestern Republic.

In the face of all these facts, showing the reserved right of self-government held by all the States North or South, agitators and promoters of sectional jealousy and hatred would endeavor to make Negro Slavery the issue and cause of the war between the States; whereas, if it were a crime to have brought the captive from Africa, that crime did not rest with the Southern planter.

Under Oglethorpe, of Georgia, slavery had been prohibited in all that region extending from the Savannah to the Mississippi; but the greed of traders and ship-owners from New England abolished this prohibition, and engrafted the traffic on the Constitution itself.

A BLESSING TO THE SLAVE.

Now, was it an unmixed evil? Many pious people, and deeply religious theologians, have contended ever that, in the Providence of God, slavery was an instrument of salvation. To bring these benighted souls from the wilds of Africa, and, by the evolution of civilization, to bestow upon them Christian citizenship. Their emotional nature renders them very amenable to religious influences.

In the patriarchial system of the South, was displayed the most picturesque and beautiful relation of Master and Servant.

Horatio Seymour has most appropriately said:

"That if slavery in the South was an evil, it bred the best race of men and women the world ever saw."

Hear the testimony of John Quincy Adams:

"For this much is certain, if institutions are to be judged by their results, in the composition of the councils of the Union, the slave-holders are much more ably represented than the simple freeman."

The philosophic Edmund Burke, in contrasting sections, concluded that the Southern States had evolved the highest order of Anglo-Saxon manhood.

It becomes the duty of every Southern historian to impress upon the minds of youth the falsity of the assumption that preservation of the institution of slavery was the cause of Secession. The fact is, that the Southerners differed as widely upon this subject, as upon other matters of political economy—many of the States had ideas for the gradual emancipation of the slaves.

In 1832, Virginia was on the verge of emancipation. A very large proportion of the Confederate Army was not slave-holders. The patriots who came forth from the mountains of Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas had no slaves, whereas General Grant was a small slave-holder.

Many Southern leaders were non-slave-holders—all along the line, from Patrick Henry, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay to Stonewall Jackson, but they were patriots, inflamed with love of freedom, and a willingness to die for the holy principle of self-government.

GENERAL FREMONT'S FALSE STEP—MR. LINCOLN'S REPRIMAND.

As a demonstration that slavery was not acknowledged to be the cause of the war between the States but, was resorted to afterwards, as a measure of subjugation, also a means of destroying the agricultural and financial power of the South, we have but to consider the action of General Fremont in Missouri, July 9, 1861. He had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln to command the Department of the West, which comprised the States of Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and Kentucky. John C. Fremont had gained a prestige in many quarters, on account of his marriage to Jessie Benton, the daughter of Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, whose long and devoted services to his State are set forth in the celebrated book, "Thirty Years in the Senate."

General Fremont's work in the explorations of the

Rocky Mountains, and the conquest of California, had so added to his popularity that he was brought out as candidate of the Republican party for President.

As a military chief, his career was a disappointment to the Federals. While in command, he gave proof of poor judgment. On the 30th of August, in St. Louis, he issued his "emancipation proclamation," which declared all slaves belonging to Confederates to be free, and threatened death to all persons bearing arms within a certain arbitrary boundary prescribed by his order.

This was looked upon as a political error of the gravest character. The slavery question was held as entirely subordinate to the question of National Sovereignty. As at this time, in such slave States as Missouri and Kentucky, there were struggles between conflicting motives, opinions and interests, it was considered most imprudent to hint at the forcible emancipation of slaves. Such a step immediately alarmed that element of slave-holders which had hitherto held themselves neutral.

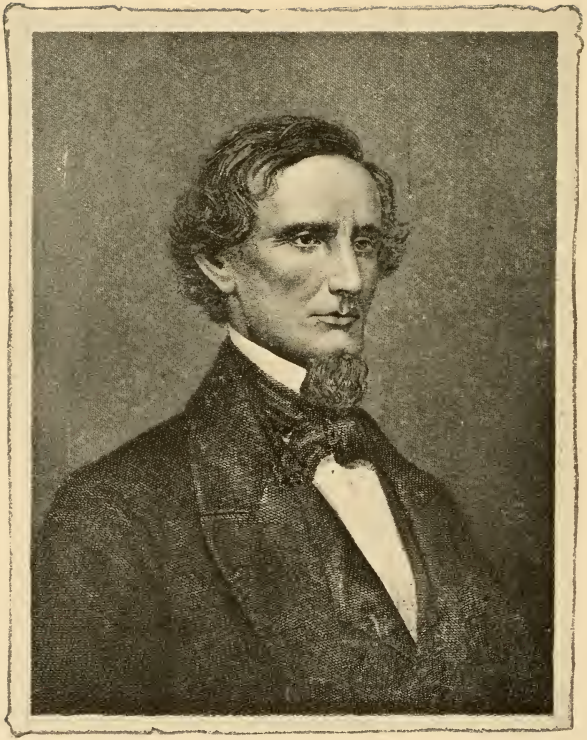
Mr. Lincoln was first to perceive this, and lost no time to disavow the act, and to remind General Fremont that he had gone beyond his powers.

The spirit of Patrick Henry is the spirit that ani-

mated the South—a fear of aggressive Federal power, and a determination to resist to the last any encroachment of State's Rights. When Lincoln declared, after his election, that the relation of a State to the Government was nothing more than that of a county to the State, the freemen of the South, regardless of property rights in slaves, marshalled from the mountains to the sea, to uphold the sovereignty of their State. Their purpose failed; their principle lives. Great men, all.

Deserving the distinction of these noble words of Benjamin Disraeli, in "Lothair."

"He is a gentleman of the South. It is not unlikely he may have lost his estates now; but that makes no difference to me; I shall treat him and all Southern gentlemen as our fathers treated the emigrant nobility of France."



JEFFERSON DAVIS,
The First and Only President of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER II.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

OUR readers may plainly see from the foregoing chapter that the war between the States was the inevitable, the irrepressible conflict. No one realized this more than Jefferson Davis.

In his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," he gives a very interesting story of the excitement in 1850 over the compromise measures which were then pending.

"He says: "One day I was walking in the capitol grounds in Washington. I met Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, in earnest conversation. It was the 7th of March—the day on which Mr. Webster had delivered his great speech. Mr. Clay, addressing me in the friendly way he had always done, since I was a school boy in Lexington, asked me what I thought of the speech. I liked it better than he did. He then suggested I should join the compromise men, saying it was a measure that would probably give peace to the country for thirty years—

the period which had elapsed since the adoption of the compromise of 1820. Then, turning to Mr. Berrien, Mr. Clay said, 'You and I will be under the ground before that time, but our young friend here will have trouble to meet.' I somewhat, impatiently, declared my unwillingness to transfer to posterity a trial they would relatively be less able to meet, than we were, and passed on my way."

Even at that time the shadow of Mr. Davis' vicarious sufferings had fallen over him. When, ten years later, his State, Mississippi, had seceded from the Union, and he arose sadly in the United States Senate to bid farewell to his colleagues, he expressed his sorrow that the Union must be dissolved. He expected that the Southerners would be allowed to go in peace and establish their own Government undisturbed.

Mrs. Davis, in speaking of this final adieu to the United States Senate, said of his sorrow: "Had he been bending over his bleeding father, needlessly slain by his countrymen, he could not have been more pathetic or inconsolable."

That night she heard his reiterated prayer: "May God have us in His holy keeping, and grant that, before it is too late, peaceful councils may prevail."

On Saturday, February 16, 1861, a remarkable meeting of the Representatives of the Confederate States took place in Montgomery, Alabama, to inaugurate a President. The unanimous choice of the people called for

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mr. William L. Yancey, of Alabama, possibly the greatest orator of his day, introduced Mr. Davis to the multitude, in these solemn words:

"The hour—and the man have met."

CHAPTER III.

THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE.

THE present generation, both North and South, have a confused idea of the conditions, social and political, which prevailed at the time of the election of Mr. Lincoln.

With the eye of cool observation, the student of history can see nothing but the tremendous inequalities of the contestants—the North, in control of the whole power and machinery of the Government of the United States, its navy, its standing army, its treasury, and its credit; the South, led by a host of knights, with its fighting legion drawn from great agricultural fields, of a people untrained in hardships and unskilled in manufacturing.

That election was purely geographical. Owing to the peculiar electoral system of our country, we see that Mr. Lincoln was elected by 180 electoral votes (all from above the Potomac or the Ohio), in the face of a popular majority against him of 950,000 votes. He was the candidate of a party that had no adherents in the southern part of the nation, and which existed to antagonize and destroy the institutions of that section of the United States.

For the first time in our history, one section of the country aligned itself against the other. For the first time, had come to pass that geographical division of the country which was anticipated by the original States, and caused many of them to hesitate to sign the Constitution.

A party founded on hostility to the South had elected a President by a purely sectional vote against the will of the people, as expressed in nearly a million ballots.

This was taken as a challenge to the Southern States to submit to domination or withdraw from the Union. With the hot blood of their sires surging in their breasts, there could be no hesitation.

ONE BY ONE EACH STATE OF THE SOUTH DECLARED FOR HOME RULE.

Dear old Virginia waited long; she did not think the election of Lincoln was sufficient cause to leave the Union, which she had done so much to glorify.

It was only when President Lincoln, on the 15th of April, 1861, called upon Virginia to furnish her quota of troops to coerce the seceding States, that she refused to take part in the political crime of warfare against Sovereign States. Other States followed the lead of Virginia, who, for honor's sake, hazarded all.

There could be no discussion in those days at the South, of weighing their manhood against consequences.

The South entered upon the war, armed with little else save courage and love of liberty. Men were taken from all the productive fields of life; the food supplies were, from the first, meager, because the South had unwisely bought her produce from the North and West. She was deficient in navy, arms, ammunition, and clothing. After her ports were blockaded, there was no medicine, nor any means of obtaining aid from outside friendly sources.

General Grant has been lauded as a great strategist; so he was, if General N. B. Forrest's definition be accepted, who defined strategy as "getting there first with the most men."

The North was able to enlist an aggregate of 2,748,304 men. The sum total the South could produce, by "robbing the cradle and the grave," was 600,000.

This was the situation that Virginia met, but she cast lots with her sister States, and the swords of her great sons upheld her. She gave to the Confederacy Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Turner Ashby, and a host of others.

The Confederacy was very deficient in supplies of medicine—more necessary than ammunition at times. In the supreme moment of their country's need, the women rose to meet every emergency, from the making of bandages, knitting of socks to weaving of cloth. They dug up the floors of their smoke houses and tobacco barns to extract the nitre from them; the corncobs were gathered up from the barns, that the soda and potash obtained from them might be used in the making of gunpowder. Women grew poppies, and from the gum they made an opiate for the sufferers in the hospitals. They learned to harvest and stew dogwood, which was used as a substitute for quinine. The black boys of the plantation were kept busy in the woods gathering herbs and berries with which to make tonics and stimulants for the sick and injured soldiers.

The carpets on their floors were cut up for blankets, and the draperies converted into underwear. When all else was exhausted, the women learned the art of weaving, and made the cloth from which the grey jackets and caps were contrived.

The town and church bells were melted and moulded into bullets.

CHAPTER IV.

LOUISIANA.

LOUISIANA has always occupied a picturesque and imposing position in the history of America—from the days when La Salle and Bienville first saw the beauty of her lakes and streams; later, when she became the object of barter and sale, between Napoleon Bonaparte and Thomas Jefferson, and finally, when Napoleon, to replenish his depleted war-chest, sacrificed this wonderland of the Western world for a few paltry millions.

Thomas Jefferson, the greatest statesman of his age, foresaw the large possibilities of the future value of his purchase, but a part of his country, was willing for a disruption of the Union on account of it.

In the war with Mexico, she covered herself with glory. She brought about the final defeat of the British in 1814 on the field of Chalmette. Is it not natural, then, that Louisiana, in the War between the States, should lay her treasure and her sons on the altar of Constitutional Liberty?

FIRST STEPS TOWARD SECESSION.

On January 16, 1861, active steps were taken, for the first time, toward secession, and a strong force of citizen soldiery started for Baton Rouge. The records say "they were young men of hot blood and determined to do the State some service." The next day, at 11 p. m., Major Haskin, commanding the Arsenal, capitulated 50,000 stand of arms and other munition."

The companies from New Orleans now held the Barracks. Three companies of Baton Rouge infantry resented this action, and disbanded, but the volunteer troops of Baton Rouge finally took charge of the Barracks.

Captain Voorhies, during the expedition, commanded the Washington Artillery; Captain Charles D. Dreux, the New Orleans Cadets; and the Orleans Guards were under Captain S. M. Todd and Lieutenant Giradey. The whole expedition was under command of Colonel Walton, of the Washington Artillery.

Governor Thomas Overton Moore called the Legislature together in extra session, in December, 1860. An election of delegates to a State Convention took place January 7, 1861. The convention met on

January 23rd, and elected ex-Governor Mouton as President. On January 26th an Ordinance of Secession was framed and adopted. The ordinance was signed by 121 delegates, seven voting against secession.

Delegates were then sent to Montgomery to form a Southern Confederacy. Louisiana, from henceforth, was aligned with her sister States.

LOUISIANIAN FIRED FIRST GUN OF THE WAR.

General P. G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, opened the war for Southern defense at Fort Sumter. The last to stack arms in 1865 was the consolidated Eighteenth Louisiana, of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

General Beauregard, in command of Louisianians, won the first great battle of the war at Manassas, in which the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, made its name forever immortal.

Such were the losses of Louisiana troops, that consolidation of remnants had to be practiced. For instance, the Thirteenth Louisiana Regiment of Infantry, the very flower of the manhood of New Orleans, which left the city in 1861 with 850 men, at the close of the war mustered but twenty-six—three officers and twenty-three men.

Of the six full Generals in the Confederate Army,

Louisiana furnished two—Beauregard and Bragg; also six Major-Generals and twenty-seven Brigadier-Generals. There were one hundred engagements fought on Louisiana soil.

DISTINGUISHED LOUISIANIANS.

In the person of Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana furnished the first Secretary of State to the Confederacy. He was subsequently Attorney-General, and then Secretary of War.

Louisiana furnished three of the twelve Commissioners of the Confederacy—Hon. John Slidell, Commissioner to Europe, especially to France; Hon. P. A. Rost, Commissioner to Spain; Hon. A. B. Roman, Commissioner to the United States of America.

From the very promptness with which Louisiana responded to the call for troops, she left her own people and coast defenses unprotected. She sent thirty-six regiments and eight battalions to the front.

The deeds of Jackson's "Foot Cavalry" (mainly Louisianians), the Washington Artillery, Gibson's Brigade, and the Louisiana Tigers all bear testimony to the energizing influence that the love of one's State brings to bear, which could even woo the Acadian from the pastoral scenes of his Attakapas home, and transform him into the dashing debonair warrior, equally

ready to fight to the death for "la belle Louisiane" or dance with his "bon comrades," during the lull of battle, to the music of the regimental band.

A GALLANT SOLDIER AND PATRIOTIC STATESMAN.

A popular soldier, and renowned son of Louisiana, was General Francis T. Nicholls.* He was Captain of a company in the Eighth Louisiana. At Winchester, the first important fight in the Valley of Virginia, Colonel Nicholls was wounded seriously, resulting in the loss of his left arm. On the day of its amputation, the division fell back. He remained in the enemy's lines.

Colonel Nicholls was exchanged in September, 1862, and was immediately promoted Colonel of the Fifteenth Louisiana. A few days afterward he was appointed Brigadier General, and assigned to the Second Louisiana Brigade, then near Fredericksburg. The brigade was composed of the First, Second, Tenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Louisiana Regiments. It was part of the force which, under General Jackson,

* His father was Judge of the Court of Appeals in Ascension Parish. His mother was a sister of Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of the "Culprit Fay," one of the most charming poems ever produced by American genius. He graduated from West Point in 1855, and was assigned to duty in the Everglades of Florida. He served in the Third United States Artillery at Fort Yuma, on the Colorado River, when he resigned and returned to Louisiana.

turned the enemy's flank near Chancellorsville. During the same night in which Stonewall Jackson was wounded, a heavy fire was opened on the brigade. A shell killed General Nicholls' horse, and, passing out, took off the General's leg. On recovering from the wound, which incapacitated him for active service in front, he was assigned to the Lynchburg District. At the close of the war, he was in the Trans-Mississippi Department, with headquarters at Marshall, Texas.

He continued to serve his native State, Louisiana, after the war. He was twice elected Governor. At the time of his death he was Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

* * *

Captain William P. Harper, of the Seventh Louisiana, afterward Sheriff of New Orleans, was acting Assistant Adjutant General of the brigade, while General Nicholls was in command. Captain Victor St. Martin also was Assistant Adjutant General for a short time. Dr. Semmes, a brother of Mr. T. J. Semmes, was surgeon of the regiment.

* * *

Thomas J. Semmes, a legal luminary of his day, served from Louisiana in the Senate of the Confederate States of America.

And now Edward D. White, a Confederate soldier from Louisiana, is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

General Zachary Taylor, from Louisiana, the father of General Dick Taylor, was a President of the United States. The daughter of Zachary Taylor was the first bride of Jefferson Davis.

* * *

Louisiana is one of the four States which claims more than a general pride and interest in this only President of the Southern Confederacy—Kentucky, his birthplace, and the scene of his educational life; Mississippi, his adopted State, his home, to whose service he devoted his grand talent, whether in the field of Mexico as military commander, in the halls of Congress as United States Senator, or as Secretary of War of the United States, he was a devoted servant of Mississippi. He died in Louisiana, and received the last earthly tribute from the people of New Orleans, the city of his love. His body reposed for a time in her soil, and now Richmond, Virginia, the last Capital of the Confederacy, possesses the mortal remains of Jefferson Davis.

The remains of General Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at the Battle of Shiloh, were interred for a long

while in Louisiana. The beautiful tomb of the Army of Tennessee in Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans, is surmounted by an equestrian statue of him.

The epitaph of General Albert Sidney Johnston, written by Mr. John Dimitry, in this tomb, is one of the most exquisite specimens of English verse in our language.

CHAPTER V.

FORT SUMTER.

ON March 3rd, 1861, President Davis appointed General G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, to the command of all the forces in and around Charleston, South Carolina.

On arriving there, and examining the fortifications, he erected batteries of cannon and mortar bearing on the fort.

All hopes of a peaceful pursuit of development in the new-born Nation were soon dispelled. The United States became the aggressor by sending armed vessels to Charleston harbor, a port of a sovereign State of the Confederacy.

On April 7th, Governor Pickens received a message from President Lincoln, announcing that an attempt would be made to supply Fort Sumter with "provisions only." This "relief squadron," on its way already for Charleston, consisted of eight vessels, carrying twenty-six guns and 1,400 men. These were clearly preparations to coerce a sovereign State upon its own soil. General Beauregard was then ordered to demand the fort's surrender at 12 o'clock on April 11th. Major Anderson was given permission to salute

the flag he had defended so well. He declined to surrender. The bombardment then began. It is related that the Confederates, at every discharge from the fort, jumped upon the different batteries, and cheered the garrison for its gallant defense, but hooted the fleet, that lay alongside of the bar.

At half-past one o'clock a shot struck the flagstaff and brought down the ensign. Soon a white flag was substituted. The garrison was utterly exhausted. Fort Sumter surrendered.

The victory was celebrated in Charleston with every demonstration of joy. In the North the news was received with execration and rage.

WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

Louisiana's oldest and most famous military organization is still her strong arm of defense. In 1859, General Persifer F. Smith was Adjutant General of the State of Louisiana, and was most successful in infusing the military spirit in the young men of New Orleans. It was at this time that the Washington Battery was organized, with Major C. F. Hozey in command, and Captain James B. Walton as Lieutenant.

In 1846, the Regiment entered the United States service, and was accepted in the Mexican War, serving with Zachary Taylor on the Rio Grande.

As early as the month of December, 1860, a requisition was made upon Governor Moore for a thorough equipment to put the battery in order for active service in the field. On the 27th of March the petition was renewed, and subsequently made to the Secretary of War at Montgomery, in which the commanding officer writes:

"The Washington Artillery, numbering upon the rolls over three hundred men, two hundred and fifty

for service, is divided into four companies. With a battery complete of six bronze six-pounder guns, six cannon, twelve-pounder howitzers, one eight-pound rifled cannon, the battalion can take the field at a few days' notice."

In 1861, the Washington Artillery was increased to

a battalion of four batteries, and left for the seat of war in Virginia. The scope of this book prevents our following them through all their glorious service in Virginia.

The Washington Artillery, with fine band, brilliant uniform, and carrying the flag presented to them by the ladies of New Orleans, were mustered into service on the 26th of May, and were marched in a body to Christ Church. In a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Leacock, they were reminded that they had been educated as gentlemen, and were urged to bring back their characters with their arms. The soldiers debated in their minds whether they would not need sterner qualities than society manners and pride of birth for the life before them.

Dr. Leacock concluded his farewell by saying: "Remember that the first convert to Christ from the Gentiles was a soldier. Inscribe the cross upon your banners, for you are fighting for liberty."

The day of the departure of the battalion was the realization of a dream of Utopia this generation will not witness again. Business men equipped regiments, supplied horses, and continued the salaries of their enlisted employees, without a thought of reward. Citizens walked along the line of troops, offering their

purses to men they did not know; women were thronging the streets, crying and laughing by turns, scattering rare flowers broadcast before the martial hosts.

Rev. B. M. Palmer, the beloved Presbyterian minister, made the final address of Benediction from the steps of the City Hall, whose concluding words tell the temper of the times:

"The alternative now before us is subjugation and absolute anarchy—a despotism which will put an iron heel upon all the human heart holds most dear. The mighty issue is to be submitted to the ordeal of battle, with the nations of the earth as spectators, and with the God of Heaven as umpire. With such an issue, we have no doubt of the part that will be assigned you to play, and when we hear the thunders of your cannons, echoing from the mountains of Virginia, we will understand that you mean, in the language of Cromwell, to 'cut this war to the heart.' It is little to say you will be remembered; and, should the frequent fate of the soldier befall you in a soldier's death, you shall find your graves in a thousand hearts, and the pen of history shall write your martyrdom. Soldiers! farewell! and may the Lord of Hosts be around and about you as a wall of fire, and shield your heads in the day of battle."

The Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, was organized by Captain W. I. Hodgson. It joined the Army of Tennessee, responding to General Beauregard's call for ninety-day troops. It was mustered into the Confederate service by Lieutenant F. C. Zacharie. The company participated, with honor and glory, in the Battle of Shiloh. Captain C. H. Slocomb was the commander until the Surrender.

The Fifth Company fired the last shot at Spanish Fort, one of the very last of the war, and was paroled at Meridian. Captain Slocomb led the Fifth back to New Orleans in perfect discipline, disbanding it in feeling words of tribute, to its valor and fidelity.

In 1862, Colonel Walton had been promoted to Chief of Artillery over Longstreet's Corps. He recommended Captain B. F. Eshleman to General Robert E. Lee in 1864, and the gallant Captain was made Colonel of the Washington Artillery. The command was in the last engagement in Virginia, at Appomattox Courthouse, the 9th of April, 1865.

Colonel John B. Richardson was in charge of the section of guns that fired the last charges at Appomattox. When negotiations were on to capitulate the army, he refused to surrender his battery, and buried the guns. On this dramatic occasion there figured a

brave Louisianian, Lieutenant W. J. Behan, who had the honor of placing one of the last guns in position.

A battery of the Fifth New York Artillery came into position immediately in front of the Confederate line, which at that time was very much reduced in number. A charge was made on this battery by Colonel Bradly Johnson's Maryland Cavalry, which succeeded in caputring two pieces of this artillery, with caisons, horses and men. Lieutenant Behan had lost his guns on the night before, and, having participated in this charge with the Maryland Cavalry, the captured artillery was turned over to him for immediate use. With a few of his comrades to assist, the gun was soon manned. Just as they were about to open fire, an officer of General Lee's staff rode up and ordered operations to cease, as General Lee's Army had surrendered.

A few minutes more of time at this crisis would have enabled us to record that Louisiana fired the last gun of the war in Virginia.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMPAIGN IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK.

THE issues of the early engagements of the Confederate forces, while not so thrilling as the titanic struggles toward the close of the war, are of great importance to the student, because they give the key to all the successes of the Federal army, leading to the fall of Vicksburg, our chief fortress of the Valley.

Could the strong Confederate following in Kentucky and Missouri have controlled the Legislatures of these neutral States, the result of the great strife would have been different.

Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, was a Secessionist, and when President Lincoln called for troops from that State, the issue was drawn. The State Guard, numbering 15,000 men fully armed, was commanded by its Inspector-General, Simon Bolivar Buckner. Humphrey Marshall began drilling recruits. Thousands of the best blood and sinew of the Blue Grass State went out and offered their swords, their

fortunes and lives to the new Confederacy. Among them were John C. Breckenridge, who had been Vice-President of the United States; General Bolivar Buckner, Basil Duke, and General John H. Morgan, the most gallant, daring and captivating cavalier that America has produced. He was endowed with perfect, manly beauty of face and form. He dazed his enemies into submission by the very admiration of his audacity.

On the 3rd of September, 1861, General Leonidas Polk, Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Louisiana, marched on Kentucky soil and took strong position, commencing war in this part of the world.

John Fiske, a Northern chronicler, speaks interestingly of our Louisiana General:

"This very able commander was one of the picturesque figures of that time. A nephew of President Polk, he had been educated at West Point, but soon left the army and turned his attention to theology. He had become a clergyman in the Episcopal Church, and now, for twenty years, had been Bishop of Louisiana. His martial spirit reviving at the breaking out of hostilities, he exchanged his surplice for the uniform of a Major-General, and was at once placed in command of the forces gathering on the eastern bank of the Mississippi.

There was a curious flavor of mediaevalism in the appearance of this Bishop at the head of an army in the middle of the nineteenth century. The latest instance of a fighting divine, before the Right Rev. Dr. Polk, would seem to have been the Bishop of Derry, who was slain in the Battle of the Boyne, in 1690.

"A characteristic touch of ecclesiasticism appeared in his first general order, which declared that, 'the invasion of the South, by the Federal armies, had brought with it a contempt for constitutional liberty, and the withering influences of the infidelity of New England and of Germany combined.'

"With sound military instinct, Polk saw the importance of the town of Cairo, situated at the juncture of the Ohio River with the Mississippi, and, advancing toward the goal, he fortified himself at Columbus, on a bold bluff completely commanding the Mississippi River, about twenty miles below Cairo. At the same time, General Zollicoffer entered Kentucky by way of Cumberland Gap."

Destiny now brought to the service of the United States Government a taciturn and apparently commonplace man—Ulysses S. Grant. He was the eldest son of a leather dealer of Scotch extraction. He was a graduate of West Point, and had served in the Mexican

War. In the humble rank of a Lieutenant, he had attracted the attention of his staff officer, Robert E. Lee. After attaining the rank of Captain, he gave up his commission and engaged in different trades. The opening of hostilities in 1861 found him in Galena, Illinois, earning a bare living at the tanner's trade. He drilled a company at Galena, and then applied for a Captain's commission. No notice was taken of it by the War Department at Washington. He applied to General McClellan, with no better result. Returning to Illinois, he gained the attention of the Governor of that State, who had placed him in command of a regiment.

Trained West Point men who had seen service were rapidly promoted; so Grant soon was made a Brigadier-General. This is the man we have checkmating General Leonidas Polk, and who was to bring disaster to Louisiana; for the day that the Confederates occupied Columbus, General Grant made his headquarters at Cairo.

General Polk's position at Columbus blockaded the Mississippi River up to that point. By next seizing upon Paducah he would control the Ohio and command the mouths of the Tennessee and the Cumberland Rivers, which were the very arteries of the Confederacy. Battle was now unavoidable.

While Fremont was advancing against General Stirling Price, Grant was to make demonstrations on the banks of the Mississippi. The first sally made by Grant was to dislodge General Pillow, who, with 2,500 men, occupied a small garrison below Columbus. Success followed the Federals for awhile. Soon General Pillow rallied his troops, and took a position between the Union men and their boats, so as to cut off retreat. General Polk himself, with fresh troops, arrived in time to assault the Federals' flank, and repulse them as they were nearing their boats. General Grant here narrowly escaped death or capture. It is related, as he sat his horse covered with a large cloak, disguising his rank, General Polk saw him, and exclaimed:

"There is a Yankee, my boys, if you want to try your aim."

But the aim was not true. Horse and rider reached the boats before the last unmooring, and this man of destiny escaped, to strike the South her fatal blow.

CHAPTER VII.

WHO MADE THE PLANS THAT SAVED THE UNION?

A VETERAN of the Sixth Mississippi, Captain J. W. Smith, was a member of the Garrison at Columbus, under command of General Polk. He states that we had 30,000 men and a splendid line of breastworks; it would have taken 100,000 men many months to have captured it below. We held Island No. 10 and Fort Pillow. By the move of the Federals up the Tennessee and the Cumberland, all of these strong forts had to be abandoned. Colonel William Preston Johnston writes, in his biography of his father, General Albert Sidney Johnston:

"There has ever been much discussion as to who originated the movement up the Tennessee River. Well, Grant made it, and it made Grant. It was obvious enough, to the leaders of both sides."

This was no doubt the great strategic movement of the war, as the Confederates expected the attack to come by way of the Mississippi River.

ANNA ELLA CARROLL, OF MARYLAND,

Fifty years ago there appeared before Congress a woman seeking recompense for services to the Government, Anna Ella Carroll, a Southerner who did not heed the cry of her country, and was unmindful of its traditions.

The story, familiar through the press,* tells us that Miss Carroll was born in Maryland, and early in life repudiated slavery. When the war came she freed her slaves, and gave her time to writing what was considered very able pamphlets to the cause of the Union. So forceful were these that she was regularly employed by the War Department to put before the country, in writing, the views of the Government on military and other leading questions. Such was her influence with the Administration that she came to be practically a member of Lincoln's Cabinet. Even as early as Buchanan's term her friends claim that she held Maryland to the Union by what she said and wrote.

But it is as a war strategist that she figures most conspicuously. "In those wonderful days, when the South stood like a slender David barring the onward path of the Northern Goliath," Assistant Secretary of War Scott proposed to Mr. Lincoln that Miss Carroll,

* Godey.

who had already given them such valuable hints, be sent to the West to examine the topography of the Mississippi Valley, and suggest, if possible, some plan by which the Federal troops might force an entrance into the heart of the Confederacy.

The plan already proposed by the military men was the descent of the Mississippi River, but to Miss Carroll's mind this was not likely to be so effective a course as an attack elsewhere. She laid on Mr. Scott's table the plans and maps for a descent by the way of the Tennessee, with the capture of the forts along the course, and the seizure of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which was the key of the complete fastnesses.

This, all the world knows, was the plan adopted and executed, and the success whereof made possible the Union triumph at Appomattox.

Thus do we find that the ultimate success of the North was due to a Southern woman, and yet her name is an unknown quantity on the pages of history, while the men who carried out her plans were crowned with chaplets of fame, while she remained in obscurity. Many contestants rose to claim the honor which should have been given to her.

She saw Grant, Lincoln, Halleck and others credited with that which was hers, and found no means to

recover her appropriated glory. It was said the President did not divulge her name at first, because he feared the army would put no confidence in the scheme if it were known that a woman originated it. He well knew that the utmost skill and courage were necessary to the successful accomplishment. Unquestionably, there was much in this view of the matter.

The name of Miss Carroll should have been blown through the country with a silver trumpet. Had Lincoln lived, this might have been. But the years went by and she remained unrecompensed, both as to money and reputation. Many times since, her friends tried to win for her just recognition, but always without success.

During various sessions of Congress, notably the Fortieth and Forty-fourth, bills were presented. Among those vouching for the genuineness of her claims were Secretary Stanton and Assistant Secretary Scott; Ben Wade, Vice-President; Henry Wilson, and others.

Some years since, she died in obscurity and poverty, because an ungrateful section had not the honesty to render unto her that which was hers.

CHAPTER VIII.

FARRAGUT AND HIS FLEET.

"THE Mississippi," declared President Lincoln, "is the backbone of the Rebellion. It is the key to the whole situation," and New Orleans was the lock which the Federals determined to possess. The place was of greatest importance for strategic purposes, as well as a source of supply to the Confederacy. It was the largest city of the South, contained more machine shops, more skilled workmen, more factories and food, more boats and seamen, than any city of the Confederacy.

Louisiana was in touch with the vast domain of Texas, which was the open sesame to Mexico. The State of Louisiana, with its magical fertility of soil and the unlimited variety of its production, would have kept the whole army in the field supplied indefinitely. In fact, Louisiana was the most valuable asset of the Confederacy, and this the astute Lincoln knew.

The Confederate Government, from the first, labored under the insurmountable disadvantage of an insufficient navy. She had no shipyards. That at Norfolk was lost early in the action.

With the genius of their Admirals, Semmes and Buchanan, they showed the gallantry and daring of all the Confederate officers. Had the Confederacy realized in the beginning, that secession would be resisted by force of arms, there undoubtedly would have been more preparations for naval warfare.

TO CAPTURE NEW ORLEANS.

The United States Government sent a fleet of warships of 150 guns, fitted out and accompanied by a strong squadron of mortar boats. A land force of 15,000 men were placed under the command of General Butler. The Admiral of the Union fleet was David Glasgow Farragut, a native of Tennessee.

According to Northern historians themselves, the most uniformly effective military genius of the United States Government in the conflict was possessed by Southern men in the service. President Lincoln, of Kentucky; General George H. Thomas, of Virginia, and Admiral Farragut, of Tennessee, twice married in Virginia, and passed his boyhood in New Orleans, where he has relatives.

Farragut so yielded to his instinctive Southern feeling that, in the beginning, he expressed an idea of remaining with the South, if the division of Governments

could have been effected in peace; but he would not take up arms against the nation which had bestowed upon him all his honors. This declaration made it uncomfortable for him to longer remain in Norfolk; he removed to the North.

The Naval Department at Washington always doubted his loyalty, and he sailed under stringent orders.

He stated that he had entered the navy through a "port hole" at nine years of age, having been adopted by Commodore Porter. At twelve years, he had been put in charge of a prize ship, navigating her fifteen hundred miles into the harbor of Valparaiso. It is remarked that it was fortunate for the City of New Orleans that the capture was first made by Farragut, instead of Butler, who afterwards occupied the city, and whose administration was so severe and disgraceful.

Farragut's fleet was the last of the wooden vessels. He had six sloops, sixteen gunboats, eight other ships, and twenty-one mortar boats.

The Mississippi River is the greatest waterway in the world. It is the main artery of a system veined by 16,000 miles of practically navigable rivers, bayous and creeks; it drains no less than twenty States of the Union; in its course it flows from the Rocky, the

Alleghanies; on the other, the Cumberland, the Ozark and the Missouri ranges into a single stream. This great river divides the East from the West of the United States, the North from the South. It does not broaden toward the approach to the sea, but narrows to a width of a half mile.

It took Farragut three weeks to pass his boats through Southwest Pass, with its deposits of mud which formed a natural obstruction. Captain Eads had not then accomplished the great work at the jetties, which has made a navigable channel for the largest men-of-war or merchantmen.

New Orleans now has a port open to the commerce of the world, and she is the logical point for the tide of trade and travel which must come through the Panama Canal. It will be but a just reparation of fate that this Valley of the Mississippi, which was made to suffer all the outrages of war and devastation, should now reap the blessings of peace and prosperity.

THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

lies in a crescent-shaped bend 110 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. For protection from attack by sea, the Confederates had strengthened and equipped two old Government fortresses at Plaquemine Bend,

about ninety miles below the city. The coast of the winding river at that point is nearly East and West. On the left, or north bank, stood Fort St. Philip. On the right bank, some 800 yards down stream, was Fort Jackson. The latter was a casemented work built in the form of a star, armed with seventy-five guns. Fort St. Philip was openwork, strong brick walls, covered with sod, mounted fifty-three guns. The greater number of guns were only 24-pounders.

PASSING THE FORTS.

Forts St. Philip and Jackson were mounted and armed, for the most part, with guns of obsolete pattern. Farragut himself reported that the forts had been stripped of their armament and poorly equipped for defense. Moreover, the defense had been weakened by the withdrawal of Hollin's gunboats, for service at Memphis.

Below the forts there were great chain barriers stretched across the river, supported by old hulks anchored for that purpose. Along shore were Confederate sharpshooters, who never missed an aim.

The forts were commanded by two officers of the old United States Navy. They gave out the impression that they could not be successfully attacked by any force on the Federal side.

If the forts had been equipped with full complement of modern artillery, they could have easily destroyed the wooden ships.

General J. R. Duncan commanded Fort Jackson, with a force of 1,500. Fort St. Philip was commanded by Colonel Higgins, with a smaller force. The bombardment began on the 18th of April, 1862. For six days and nights the mortar schooners threw their terrible missiles, each a mine in itself. It is said that six thousand of these shells were thrown, weighing approximately eight hundred and fifty tons. They killed and wounded only fifty men, including the picket guard. Dr. Rossiter Johnson has calculated they killed or wounded about one man to every sixteen tons of iron hurled into the forts.

The Confederates, in response to the mortars, sank one schooner and disabled one of the steamers. The brave defenders, under this rain of fire and shell, busied themselves by day and night to devise methods of destroying the enemy's fleet. They sent down the river innumerable fire rafts. It required all the skill and foresight of Farragut and his crew to ward them off.

After six days of hard work, Farragut gave up the bombardment; he had truly "met foemen worthy of his steel."

BATTLE IN THE RIVER.

Farragut decided at last to make a run past the forts and engage in battle with the Confederate gunboats on the other side in the river. It was a bold attempt. It is likely that the doubts of the Government at Washington, of his loyalty, added vim to his daring spirit. He opened up a quick-fire on Fort Jackson, and kept them engaged while a boat was sent up stream to cut the chain barricade across the river. This was wisdom. At 3:30 in the morning of April 24th the fighting force of the fleet advanced and engaged the brave Confederates in one of the most wonderful naval fights in the annals of any country.

The cannonading on the forts covered the advance of the Federal fleet in the darkness. This clever ruse was discovered by the garrison, which opened quick fire and sunk one of the boats, the "Varuna." The darkness made it easy for many of the boats to get past without much trouble. The "Pensacola," of the Federal fleet, lost thirty-seven men in passing. After six days' storm of shot and shell, the brave men in the forts ceased firing.

TESTIMONY OF THE PILOT OF THE "LOUISIANA."

General Duncan was in command of Fort St. Philip, and Taylor Squires was second in command. He gave the order that the Fort was not to open fire on Farragut until the signal came from Fort Jackson.

The regulars who were in the United States Army remained in the Forts after the States seceded. Among them was an Irishman, who did not fancy the delay in action. He said, "Bejabers, I will give them a signal," and fired away the first gun into Farragut's fleet.

General Lovell was on one of the boats in the river fleet. Fearing capture, he begged to be put ashore. He evacuated the city with his troops, leaving the Mayor in charge, who floated the flag of Louisiana over the City Hall.

The State Navy comprised a motley lot of tow-boats—steamboats, tugs and what-not, under the command of Governor Moore. Among these was the "Louisiana." Her force had a thrilling experience, which is recited in the words of her acting volunteer pilot.

THE CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD "LOUISIANA" IN 1862.

"The Crescent Heavy Artillery was organized at New Orleans, Louisiana, during the Winter of 1861, and mustered into service at the beginning of the year 1862.

"The officers were: Captain H. T. Hutton, and Lieutenants Dart, William Hervey and Thomas H. Handy.

"This company volunteered to serve as gunners on board the 'Louisiana' on or about the 20th day of April of the year 1862, and, pursuant to that offer of service, left New Orleans on board the 'Louisiana' at about the same date. The 'Louisiana' being then incomplete, was without propelling power, and was, therefore, towed by the river steamer 'W. Burton' down to Forts Jackson and St. Philip. Because of her incompleteness and inability, she could serve only as a floating battery, and was anchored in the river at a point about one-half mile above the Forts.

"It is my recollection that about three o'clock of the morning of April 26, 1862, Commodore Farragut, commanding the Federal fleet, commenced his ascent of the river. His purpose was to run the gauntlet—to run by the Forts without making a fight. Thirteen of

his vessels negotiated this purpose and passed up the river by the Forts.

"On the following morning the writer received an order from Commodore Mitchell, commanding the Confederate fleet, to appear before him and his staff on the quarter-deck of the 'Louisiana.' He informed the writer that the 'Louisiana' was then raising steam for the purpose of pursuing and attacking the Federal vessels. He further stated to the writer that practically all the crew of the 'Louisiana,' with the exception of the officers and members of the Crescent Artillery, had deserted the vessel, and that among the deserters was the 'Louisiana's' pilot. He said that he was empowered to force my service as pilot, but that he preferred that I would volunteer my services as such, which I did.

"In a very short time the chief engineer reported that portions of the machinery were missing, and which could not be duplicated or replaced. The 'Louisiana' was, therefore, without propelling power, and impotent to pursue.

"At about the same time a Federal vessel with a flag of truce flying from her peak hove around the southern bend of the river. The naval officers recognized her as being the 'Harriet Lane,' Farragut's dispatch boat. Almost simultaneously with this a white

flag appeared, flying from the staff of Fort Jackson. Commodore Mitchell and other officers expressed surprise and astonishment at such a proceeding, it having come to pass without their being notified. I make special mention of this incident for the reason that history has it that Mitchell knew of this—knew that Fort Jackson was to take this step before the appearance of the white flag. This is not true. Quite the contrary; he expressed surprise, was apparently chagrined and provoked at such action. Moreover, he was not informed as to the significance of such action, inasmuch as he immediately dispatched a detail of commissioned officers to Fort Jackson to learn the meaning of that flag. They returned with the report that Fort Jackson had surrendered. That was the first and only notice that any one aboard the 'Louisiana' had of this procedure.

"Commodore Mitchell and his staff decided at once that he would not surrender the 'Louisiana,' but would destroy her, which was done by setting fire to and putting her adrift. The gallant McIntosh, Commander of the 'Louisiana,' and many sharpshooters were killed in the action. The commissioned officers were sent North to Forts Warren and Lafayette; the privates and non-commissioned men to New Orleans, where they were paroled.

"The writer knows it to be a report and impression of some considerable circulation that some of the guns on board the 'Louisiana' jumped from their carriages at the first fire. This is not true. The guns were never mounted. Her armament was all on one deck, and my crew of gunners served two guns in the action. It is true that the guns were on deck. They were put there with the intention of mounting, but were never mounted at any time.

TREACHERY CHARGED.

"I wish to further state that a detail of three men, headed by a bar pilot, were dispatched south each night to take up positions between the Federal fleet and the Forts; to watch for the approach of the fleet and, upon discovery of same, to notify the Forts by sending up rockets. The rockets were never sent up. What became of the men I do not know.

"When the Confederates were at Jackson for exchange that same year they all agreed that there was plenty of treachery, but who the guilty ones were will never be known.

"HENRY B. NOYES,
"Sergeant, Crescent (Heavy) Artillery."

While Farragut was forcing his way up the river, Butler, with his army of 15,000 men, was at Ship Island, which separates the Mississippi Sound from the Gulf.

The "Mississippi," of Farragut's fleet, was rammed by the Confederate ironclad "Manassas," which, in turn, was destroyed by the "Mississippi." The river at this point was no more than a half mile wide, so the fighting was done at very close range. The memory of such valor, such noble courage and dauntless spirit will never fade, while Southern youth drink from the fountain of Southern story.

After the destruction of the Confederate fleet, the capitulation of New Orleans was a certainty. So large a number of men capable of bearing arms had left for the seat of war, that General Lovell had not enough to defend the city. He had left to join General G. T. Beauregard, who, with General Albert Sidney Johnston, had taken stand at Corinth, Mississippi, after the fearful battle at Shiloh.

The whole populace of the city saw the advance of the Federals up the river, with feelings of rage and desperation. Vast quantities of supplies were destroyed, to prevent them giving aid to the invaders. Fifteen thousand bales of cotton, fifteen cotton ships in the

river, and a powerful ram, not yet finished, as well as the dry docks, were burned. Hogsheads of molasses were burst open and let flow in the streets of the city. It was said no one enjoyed these "sweet conditions" but the little picaninnies, who fairly floated in the gutters and were swamped in syrup.

George Cary Eggleston, in his recent "History of the Confederate War," treats this sad epoch of New Orleans life very disinterestedly:

The fighting was done at the very closest of quarters, that the Northern and Southern Americans who contested that fight met each other on that terrible morning of April 24, 1862. The men who fought there in the river, on the one side or upon the other, are mostly dead now; only a few of them survive in soldiers' homes or sailors' snug harbors. Surely, we can do no better in this new century than pay all possible honor to the valor with which, on the one side and upon the other, they fought for their respective causes on that soft spring morning in the early sixties. They were heroes all, and right heroically did they acquit themselves in the brutal and bloody work they were set to do.

The net result of the contest was the destruction of the Confederate fleet. With that out of the way, Far-

ragut pushed on to New Orleans, and, with guns out for action, demanded the city's surrender.

Only one issue was possible, of course. The city was at Farragut's mercy. He could easily destroy it should it resist. It only remained for him to hoist the National flag over it and to send General Butler's land force to occupy and possess the chief city of the South, which he did on the first of May.

Having thus completely achieved that "success" which the civilians of the Navy Department had "required" of him, Farragut was ambitious to accomplish more. He proposed further operations of like character against other Confederate ports from which commerce was being carried on in spite of the blockade. It was quite obvious that no blockade could stop this commerce on which the South so largely depended for its supplies. The only way in which the shutting in of the Confederacy could be made effective was to capture the defensive works of every Confederate port.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW ORLEANS LIFE UNDER FEDERAL REGIME.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS REMOVED FROM PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

"The excitement of the populace was intense when they found that the Confederate flags, which had waved over the Custom House, the Mint, and the City Hall for several months were ordered to be removed. The city had not surrendered, and the people had still the right to fly their own flag.

"A force of one hundred marines and a body of soldiers, with two brass howitzers, were sent ashore by the United States squadron then in our port, hauled down the Confederate flags from the Custom House and Mint, and hoisted the flags of the United States. One of the officials hauled down the flag from the City Hall, and came down with it under his arm. The incensed multitude, kept at bay by the military, looked daggers, and received him with a groan. It was heaping insult upon injury, to see these beautiful flags, which had been presented to the city by loving hands,

which all had cherished and prized so highly, now desecrated and in possession of those who would likely send them North as trophies.

THE STATE FLAG REMOVED FROM THE CITY HALL.

The State flag of Louisiana floated over the City Hall. On Farragut's landing at the wharf of New Orleans, he immediately sent Captain Bailey to demand the surrender of the city and the lowering of the State flag. Mayor Monroe said that the city was at their mercy—to take possession. "We yield," he said, "to physical force alone, but we maintain our allegiance to the Government of the Confederate States."

The principal comfort of the people at this time was Pierre Soule, the great orator and statesman. By his courage and eloquence, he controlled the people and prevented an open revolt against the invaders.

When the Federals came to haul down the flag of Louisiana, Mayor Monroe descended into the street and assumed a position before the howitzer pointing down St. Charles Street. He stood with folded arms, in majestic silence, looking straight into the eyes of the gunners, who stood ready for action. The crowd stood in sullen stillness. When the guns were removed, the

Mayor turned and mounted the steps of the City Hall and the people broke into loud acclaim.

* * *

"Four men, among whom were William B. Mumford and Adolph Harper, more excitable, perhaps, than others, and impelled by thoughts of their degradation, determined to take down one, at least, of the United States ensigns.

"Mounting the roof of the Mint, Adolph Harper hauled down the flag and departed. There was wild commotion. Mumford, being of the company, was arrested, tried by Butler's Court of Military Commission, convicted upon circumstantial evidence, or perhaps no evidence at all, condemned to death, and General Butler ordered the execution. Governor Moore, speaking of this act, remarked: 'The noble heroism of the patriot, Mumford, places his name high on the list of our martyred sons.'

"Some of our most earnest and influential citizens used most patriotic appeals to General Butler to spare the prisoner's life, but he had denounced him, and his fate was sealed. The most conclusive and affecting arguments were treated with contempt.

"The question of right was waived. His compassion and generosity were appealed to, but obstinacy

and vindictiveness governed him. He had despotic power given him, that he might strike terror into the Southern heart, and he must begin at once!

"For Mumford's family, there was no redress; no respite from suffering. In a short time the poor man was executed, leaving an estimable wife and three small children to be supported by charity.

"Some charitable ladies took them in charge, and did all in their power to assist them in their great tribulation."

* * *

Butler's rule in the city, where the white population at that time consisted chiefly of women and children, was harsh, and even cruel—so harsh and so brutal in its attitude toward women as to offend sentiment both North and South, and in Europe.

He issued one order which could not have come from the headquarters of any man of soldierly instincts or gentle associations. By way of resenting the attitude and conduct of women toward a conquering soldiery, he put forth a decree in these words:

"General Orders No. 28.

"Headquarters, Dept. of the Gulf,

"New Orleans, May 15, 1862.

"As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women

(calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall by word, gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.

"By order of Major-General Butler.

"GEORGE C. STRONG,

"Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

It needs no argument and no exposition to show that in issuing this order Benjamin F. Butler deliberately gave license and authority to the most brutal impulses of the most degraded men under his command—authorizing them to judge for themselves when they should choose to think themselves insulted "by word, gesture, or movement," and upon every such occasion, without further inquiry, and upon their own initiative, to treat every woman who had occasion to venture into the streets as "a woman of the town plying her avocation."

With the cynicism that had equipped him for practice in the criminal courts of Boston, Butler afterwards explained his order by saying that the only right way to treat "a woman of the town plying her avocation,"

is to pass her by unnoticed. But he perfectly knew that that was not what his order meant to his soldiery, or what he meant it to mean."

The only protection the citizens of New Orleans had in their extremity were the foreign consulates and their ships in the harbor.

The London "Times" of that period says the proclamation of Butler realizes all that was ever told of the tyranny by victor over the vanquished, and the state of slavery endured by the negroes of New Orleans cannot be more absolute, than that now suffered by the whites of that city.

In the House of Lords, on the 13th of June, Lord Carnovan called attention to General Butler's proclamation. He condemned it in severe terms as without precedent in the annals of war. Other members condemned it as repugnant to the feelings of the nineteenth century.

A wail of anguish went up when this order was issued. All others seemed endurable, but this was humiliation. The women of the city were virtually prisoners, for wrong motives could be attributed to the most innocent movement.

Before the arrival of Butler there had been free markets, to which all contributed—butchers, bakers,

grocers and planters. Mr. Thomas Murray was in charge. Food was furnished without money and without price to all whose protectors had gone to war.

When Butler took possession of the city, the freedom was so restricted that great suffering arose among the poor. He levied a tax upon the people, raising a great sum of money, which his report says was "judiciously expended."

Thus continued the free market system on a different plan, by taxation of the property-holder.

The rigor of Butler's rule in New Orleans was in some other respects salutary. He wantonly imprisoned many citizens—men and women indifferently—without warrant or just cause; but apart from that he ruled the city to its advantage. In mortal dread of yellow fever, he cleaned New Orleans as it had never been cleaned before, and throughout a hot summer he kept the city healthier than it had ever been in all its history.

A valiant woman, Marion Southwood, has vividly depicted in a little volume which she cleverly called "Beauty and Booty,"* some of the exciting and trying scenes in New Orleans at this time.

She says: "I have been waiting for some one to write a book which might be handed down to future

* The watchword of Sir Edward Packingham, in the Battle of New Orleans, 8th of January, 1815.

generations and kept as a record of the dire events during our season of affliction in New Orleans, while we were blockaded and while General Butler was Commander-in-Chief of the Department of the Gulf, and his successor. The hearts of our people were too deeply bowed down, crushed, to undertake the task, or perhaps most persons would draw a veil over our misfortunes. Not so, me."

And we of this generation, let us pass it on.

CHAPTER X.

"BEAUTY AND BOOTY."

The zealous President† of the Louisiana State Museum affords us an opportunity to give a glimpse of the life of New Orleans of that day, by these extracts from "Beauty and Booty":

"There was a great stir and intense excitement at one time during General Banks' administration. A number of 'Rebels' were to leave for the 'Confederacy.' Their friends, amounting to some twenty thousand persons, women and children principally, wended their way down to the levee to see them off, and to take their last farewell.

"Such a quantity of women frightened the officials; they were exasperated at their waving of handkerchiefs, their loud calling to their friends and their going on to vessels in the vicinity.

† T. P. Thompson.

"Orders were given to 'stand back,' but no heed was given; the bayonets were pointed at the ladies, but they were not to be scared. A lady ran across to get a nearer view; an officer seized her by the arm, but she escaped, leaving a scarf in his possession. At last the military received orders to do its duty. The affair was called the 'Pocket Handkerchief War,' and has been put in verse which is quite comical. Its caption is:

"THE GREATEST VICTORY OF THE WAR,
'LA BATAILLE DES MOUCHOIRS,'
NEW ORLEANS, 1863."

"Of all the battles, modern or old,
By poet sung or historians told;
Of all the routs that ever were seen
From the days of Saladin to Marshal Turenne;
Of all the victories later yet won,
From Waterloo's field to that of Bull Run.
All, all, must hide their fading light,
In the radiant glow of the handkerchief fight;
And a paean of joy must thrill the land
When they hear of the deeds of Banks' band.

"I was on the levee where the tide
Of 'Father Mississippi' flows;
Our gallant lads, their country's pride,
Won this great vict'ry o'er her foes.
Four hundred Rebels were to leave
That morning for Secessia shades,
Down there came (you'd scarce believe)
A troop of children, wives and maids
To wave farewells, to bid God-speed,
To shed for them the parting tear,
To waft them kisses as the meed
Of praise to soldiers' hearts most dear.

They came in hundreds—thousands lined
The streets, the roofs, the shipping, too,
Their ribbons dancing in the wind,
Their bright eyes flashing love's adieu.
'Twas then to danger we awoke,
But nobly faced the unarmed throng,
And beat them back with hearty stroke,
Till reinforcements came along.
We waited long, our aching sight
Was strained in eager, anxious gaze;
At last we saw the bayonets bright
Flash in the sunlight's welcome blaze,

The cannon's dull and heavy roll
Fell greeting on our gladdened ear,
Then fired each eye, then glowed each soul,
For well we knew the strife was near.
"Charge!" rang the cry, and on we dashed
Upon our female foes,
As seas, in stormy fury lashed,
Whene'er the tempest blows.
Like chaff their parasols went down,
And as our gallants rushed,
And many a bonnet, robe and gown
Was torn to shreds or crushed.
Though well we plied the bayonet,
Still some our efforts braved,
Defiant both of blow and threat,
Their handkerchiefs still waved.
Thick grew the fight, loud rolled the din,
When 'Charge'! rang out again,
And then the cannon thundered in,
And scoured o'er the plain.
Down 'neath the unpitying iron heels
Of horses, children sank,
While through the crowd the cannon wheels
Mowed roads on either flank.
One startled shriek, one hollow groan,
One headlong rush, and then

Huzza! the field was all our own,
For we were Banks' men.
That night, released from all our toils,
Our dangers past and gone;
We gladly gathered up the spoils
Our chivalry had won!
Five hundred kerchiefs we had snatched
From Rebel ladies' hands,
Ten parasols, two shoes (not matched),
Some ribbons, belts and bands,
And other things that I forgot;
But then you'll find them all
As trophies in that hallowed spot—
The cradle—Faneuil Hall!

"And 'long on Massachusetts' shore,
And on Green Mountains' side,
Or where Long Island's breakers roar,
And by the Hudson's tide,
In times to come, when lamps are lit,
And fires brightly blaze,
While round the knees of heroes sit
The young of happier days,
Who listen to their storied deeds,
To them sublimely grand—

Then glory shall award its meed
Of praise to Banks' band,
And fame proclaim that they alone
(In triumph's loudest note)
May wear henceforth, for valor shown,
A woman's petticoat."

* * *

Major W. H. Tunnard, in his history of the Third Louisiana Infantry, which camped at Metairie Race Course while being organized in 1861, speaks in his book of the returned exchange prisoners:

"On Sunday, July 5, 1863, eleven hundred troops belonging to the department arrived at Shreveport from New Orleans, in exchange for Federal prisoners recently sent below. They arrived filled with admiration and enthusiasm for the ladies of the Crescent City. Unconquerable in spirit, enthusiastic worshippers at the shrine of the Confederate cause, undismayed by the presence of implacable foes, these fair patriots, with untiring zeal and energy, ministered to the wants and necessities of every Confederate soldier who reached New Orleans during the war. fame can wear no brighter chaplet; history contains no fairer page; memory no more beautiful impression than was furnished by the devotion and patriotism of Southern

women during the recent fierce, internicine struggle. To them should be erected a monument more durable than brass, more pure and polished than the finest Parian marble.

"They will live ever unforgotten in the hearts of the South's brave sons."

The women of New Orleans, as elsewhere in the South, were devoted to the cause to their hearts' core; there was no sacrifice too great for them to make, no trial could daunt their spirit of rebellion. As an exemplification of this, is the story of Miss Pichot, a Creole belle of fortune, an independent and daring character. Walking down Canal Street one day, which was picketed with soldiers, she jerked from her pocket a handkerchief which, flaunting in the action, disclosed a Confederate flag embroidered in the corner. A soldier stepped forward to place her under arrest, saying she was insolent to the authorities in displaying Rebel colors.

With her cheeks flushing in anger, and her eyes flashing defiance, she exclaimed: "And is this the way you capture your flags—from women!"

Then, putting the little embroidered ensign to her mouth, she hastily bit it off and, after swallowing it, handed the handkerchief to the soldier. She was taken

before an officer, who put her on parole till trial. She reported to the officer daily, accompanied by a different escort each day. The Colonel remarked upon that. She said: "Yes, there is not a gentleman left in New Orleans who will not be glad to escort me here to answer for this charge." The trial was indefinitely postponed.

There was a skillful modiste in New Orleans, who employed a number of girls in making Confederate flags. On this being reported to General Butler he sent a detail to make a search of the premises. On their approach, this clever woman ran out a smallpox signal, and enjoyed the hasty flight of the searching party.

As it was, the women dressed gaily, bedecked themselves with flowers and promenaded each day in front of the partly-finished Custom House, which then contained several thousand captured Confederates sent in by Banks' raid on his way that spring through Western Louisiana, endeavoring to clear the State of Confederate troops.

"The population of New Orleans at the beginning of the war was about 170,000. The most virile and able-bodied of these, some 20,000, had gone into the service with Lee's Army and in the Army of Tennessee.

Many families had refugeed into Alabama and other Confederate sections rather than suffer the hardships of Federal occupancy or to take the oath of allegiance. Those left were principally Union sympathizers, foreign-declared citizens, women, negroes, and the Federal troops.

"Federal Prison No. 6 was the official name of the Custom House that year, and here, looking through the bars, were more than 2,000 young "Rebels," who obtained some comfort and many flowers through the assiduous sympathy of the "girl I left behind me." She came down—up, rather—to Canal Street in great numbers and, with fluttering handkerchiefs, roses and bright-colored dresses, made a most attractive and moving picture to the wan-faced soldier boys who crowded the windows overlooking the wide thoroughfare.

The plans of this great structure, which, by the way, was at that time the second largest building in the United States, the Capitol at Washington being first, called for a very elaborate dome. The foundations were laid in 1846, and consisted of cypress logs laid flat, with concrete and brick arches above, equalizing the weight and carrying on this batture front of the

Mississippi of sand and clay the most pretentious structure in size this side of Washington.

Beauregard, civil engineer and lieutenant, graduate of West Point, when put in charge of the building in the 50's, found it settling in an uneven manner, and reported conditions to Washington. So very much money already had been used that it was concluded to cover the unfinished walls with a temporary board roof and await results in the settling.

Chains were run through and through the structure and locked to the opposite walls, just as has been recently done with the Cathedral, and this great unfinished mass of masonry was allowed to remain, the most conspicuous object in New Orleans, all through the Reconstruction era—incomplete, an admonition, ever looming through fog and sunshine, menacing persistently with its stern, undecorated walls—likened by Mark Twain in 1879 to a giant gasometer. "If you don't behave, I am also a good prison," it seemed to say to the few belligerents still left in the captured city.

BUTLER'S REGIME IN NEW ORLEANS.

After relating the indignities suffered by the people of New Orleans during Butler's occupation, there are some condoning virtues which must be credited to him. Besides the sanitary regulations before mentioned,

which he enforced, he was impressed by the sufferings of the poor and the destitution of the families wherein every male member had gone to the seat of war. Hunger and want began to conquer pride; provisions were unobtainable; the situation was appalling. General Butler caused to be established free markets, from which he supplied army rations to the people.

At the head of Canal Street, near where the Fourteenth of September Monument now stands, there was an ornamental iron building, built, it is believed, by the same parties who built the Moresque Building, which was destroyed by fire some years ago, in Camp Street. This building was intended to house the water works to supply water along the river front, but was never used for this purpose. Butler took charge of this and established his free market there. People of all classes, rich and poor alike, availed themselves of the free market.

Subsequently he commenced the building of the shell road, which still remains on Washington Avenue, connecting with Carrollton Avenue, for which the laborers received a living wage.

By order of General Butler, Confederate money was circulated for some time after the capture of the city. The people had no other kind. Had it not been

Avenue of Oaks. Audubon Park

for this order, they would have been without any means of buying anything at all.

Another excellent measure adopted by General Butler was his order to open up all the warehouses where provisions had been stored by speculators. Some of these men had issued shinplasters, and he compelled them not only to sell the provisions at reasonable prices, but they had to accept the money issued by them at par value.

Omnibus tickets were used in lieu of nickels or five-cent pieces, which were then called picayunes, although the original picayune represented 6¼ cents, or half a bit. There were red, blue, green and white omnibus tickets, the tickets taking the color of the omnibusses, each line having its 'busses painted a different color. The tickets were of pasteboard, and bore the printed picture of an omnibus drawn by two prancing horses.

The Federal soldiers were well paid, and liberal. This put money in circulation, which benefited all the inhabitants of the distressed city.

After the ladies, the clergy seemed to be the next object of persecution by the invaders. Numbers of the Episcopal clergy were ordered into exile. Dr. Leacock, Dr. Fulton, Dr. Goodrich and Mr. Hedges, all beloved of large congregations, were of this number.

On another occasion, General Butler called Father

THE ST LOUIS CATHEDRAL.

Mullen before him, announcing that he was accused of refusing to bury Federal soldiers. He replied: "That is a mistake, General. I will bury them all, with pleasure."

Dr. Goodrich commenced his career as a city missionary. At this time he was rector of St. Paul's Church. After banishment North, he returned. A popular song commemorates these stirring scenes.

THE BATTLE OF ST. PAUL'S.

Fought in New Orleans, Sunday, October 12, 1862.

"Come, boys, listen, while I sing
The greatest fight yet fought;
That time the Yankees
A real Tartar caught.
'Twas not the first Manassas,
Won by our Beauregard,
Nor Perryville, nor Belmont,
Though Polk hit them hard.
Nor was it famous Shiloh,
Where Sidney Johnston fell.
It was fought on Sunday morning
Within the church's walls,
And shall be known in history
As the Battle of St. Paul's.

The hateful Strong commanded
For Butler the abhorred,
And the Reverend Mr. Goodrich
Bore the banner of the Lord.
The bell had ceased its tolling,
The services nearly done,
The Psalms and lessons over,
The Lord's Prayer just begun;
As the priest and people said,
"Hallowed be Thy Name,"
A voice in tones of thunder
His order did proclaim:
'In the name of General Butler,
I order forevermore
That this assembly scatter,
And the sexton close the door.'

Up rose the congregation,
We men were all away,
And our wives and little children
Alone remained to pray.
Some cried: "We knew that Butler
On babes and women warr'd,
But we did not think to find him
In the temple of the Lord."

Some pressed around the pastor,
Some on the villain gazed,
Who against the Lord's anointed
His dastard arm had raised.
While a stout old lady shouted:
"Do, some one, put him out!"
"Don't touch him*" cried another,
"He is worthy of his ruler,
For he fights with women braver
Than he fought at Ponchatoula."

But when the storm raged fiercest,
And hearts were all aflame,
Like oil on troubled waters
The voice of blessing came.
The priest, with hands uplifted,
Bade his people go in peace,
And called down heavenly blessing
Upon that tossing crowd,
While the men their teeth were clinching
And the women sobbing loud.
And then, with mien undaunted,
He passed along the aisle,
The gallant Yankee hero
Behind him all the while.

"You'd better bring a gunboat,
For that's your winning card."
Said a haughty little beauty,
As the strong man called a guard,
I guess his light artillery
'Gainst Christ Church he will range,
When his base of operations
Next Sunday he will "change."
'Twas thus the tyrant Butler,
Mid women's sobs and tears,
Seized a priest before the altar
He had served for twenty years.

We know in darkest ages,
A church was holy ground,
Where from the hands of justice,
A refuge might be found.
And from the meanest soldier,
To the highest in the land,
None dared to touch the fugitive
Who should within it stand.
'Twas left to beastly Butler
To violate its walls,
And to be known in future
As the Victor of St. Paul's

He has called our wives she-adders,
And he shall feel their sting,
For the voice of outraged woman
Through every land shall ring."

* * *

The church in which Rev. Mr. Hedges officiated was, after his banishment, converted into a school house for young contrabands. It caught fire "accidentally" one night. It is not recorded that the neighbors mourned.

Dr. Markham, a noted Presbyterian pastor of New Orleans, served through the war as Chaplain of the Army of Tennessee. On one occasion he was holding services, when bullets began falling around. He said: "We will postpone these exercises to a time when the enemy has not its eye on us."

Once in battle a dying man called for a priest. He had his prayer-book in his bosom. Dr. Markham took it and read from it the prayers for the dying.

Father Hubert, a Jesuit priest of New Orleans, was the devoted Chaplain of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Father Hubert went out with the First Louisiana, under Colonel Blanchard, who was subsequently made Brigadier-General. This beloved priest lived many

years after the close of the war, and died full of honors at the College of the Jesuit Order at Springhill, Mobile, Ala.

The clergymen of New Orleans, for the most part, were conspicuous for their encouragement to our troops leaving for the front.

BUTLER PROHIBITS PRAYERS FOR MR. DAVIS.

During Butler's occupation of New Orleans, there was a very zealous priest, the pastor of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Father Mullen, who offered prayers always in his church for Jefferson Davis and the Confederate Government. General Butler had ordered, under pain of arrest, that the practice should cease. A guard was sent to the church on the next Sunday, and the Reverend Father notified the congregation of the order. At the appointed hour, he said: "We will bow our heads in silence for ten minutes."

The guard reported to General Butler that not a word about the Confederate Government was spoken.

BUTLER RETURNS TO NEW ENGLAND.

Ben Butler was being wined and dined in New England on his return, and was making a tour of Massachusetts towns, telling of his wonderful exploits—he had been relieved in December, 1862—and

with the Napoleonic idea that to the victor belonged the spoils he had sent many and varied cargoes of merchandise and art ahead to his home, overlooking nothing, from spoons to statuary. It is a fact that the statue of George Washington, by Powers, was taken by him from the Capitol grounds at Baton Rouge, and he later acknowledged the spoons in his "Own Book."

THE ADVENT OF GENERAL BANKS.

Major General Banks, who was now in charge of the Gulf Department, had gone with an army down through the Teche country in the early spring, and the City of New Orleans at that time, but for its plucky, vivacious and never-conquered women, would have, indeed, been a dreary waste, all grown in grass and weeds."

A lady at this time writes:

"Glad to have a change. We received General Banks as kindly as any invader could be received. He was a gentleman—dignified and respectful to all. No guard was necessary to protect him.

General Banks tried his utmost to revive the drooping spirits of the inhabitants of the city. Public places of amusement were opened, concerts given, public and private balls, soirees and dinner parties; but

all to no purpose. The iron had entered too deeply into the Southern soul to be expelled by ought that any human being could devise. Time alone could heal the wounded heart.

All efforts at gaiety seemed a mockery of woe, The Northern element with which the city was infested enjoyed itself beyond measure. Mrs. Banks was quite a bright, particular star in it.

We heard of all the excitement—the feasting and extravagances—a good deal of the shoddy about it. The sutlers' wives, with their diamonds and satins, the ladies dressed in the flag, etc., and the entertainments given in palatial mansions, which had been confiscated, and their owners reduced to beggary!

The dark brown stone front dwelling standing at the corner of Prytania and Fourth Streets, the mansion of Pierre Soule, Esq., in Esplanade, and many others, if they could speak, could tell tales which, perhaps, would not be so pleasant for some persons to listen to at the present time. The rooms were filled, but nobody was there.

At last the old-established Mardi Gras day arrived, but, alas! its pleasures had all departed. Here, as in France, it had from time immemorial been kept as a day of amusement and jollity; but under the clouds which hung over us few felt inclined to indulge.

In a daily paper of March, 1863, was a touching appeal written by a young Southern lady:

'In the day of prosperity, be joyful, but in the day of adversity, consider. God also set one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him.

'Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire, your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate as overthrown by strangers.

'Rise up, ye women, that are at ease. . . . Pause, gentle maiden, ere you whirl down the path of pleasure, and drop a sympathetic tear for the older men and women of your land—they who have laid their victims on the altar and sacrificed their sons for your protection.

Dance not over these victims, but on the day that precedes the season of fasting and prayer, let no sounds of revelry be heard.' "

CHAPTER XI.

NEW ORLEANS NEWSPAPER VOLUNTEERS.

The Sixth Louisiana Volunteers were organized at Camp Moore. They numbered a large contingent of newspaper men of New Orleans.

On June 11th, the regiment started for the seat of war in Virginia. On arriving at Manassas, it was immediately sent to the front. It occupied the advanced posts under General Ewell, until the approach of the enemy, when it fell back on Bull Run line.

Colonel I. J. Seymour was in command of the Sixth Louisiana.*

Colonel Seymour, a New Orleans journalist, was one of the most popular men Louisiana sent to the war. He had been a fighter in the Indian and Mexican Wars. At the call to arms, he was editor of the "New Orleans Bulletin," with which Lewis Graham was also associated.

Colonel Seymour, at Manassas, was in charge of the rear guard of Johnson's retreat to Richmond, and was with Jackson in his brilliant campaigns. He fought

* At the departure of the regiment, Dr. McKelvey was surgeon. During the first and second years of the war, Lieutenant Lewis Graham was Adjutant, until the death of Colonel Seymour.

the First Louisiana Brigade for forty-eight hours at Richmond. At Gaines' Mills he was struck by two minne balls and killed.

HAY'S BRIGADE.

No grander contingent of men enlisted for the Confederacy than those of Hay's Brigade, composed of the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Louisiana and Wheat's Battalion. General Walker (afterward killed) was the first commander. The appointment of General Dick Taylor made it a wonderful fighting machine in Virginia. At the time of the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, General Taylor was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department in the Summer of 1862.

Colonel Seymour was commander of the brigade in this prolonged engagement, and was killled while making a charge, at the head of his troops, before the end of the third day. At his side was his Adjutant, Lewis Graham, who went out with him from New Orleans. Adjutant Graham bore the body of Colonel Seymour from the field into Richmond.

FEDERAL OPPRESSION.

A curious circumstance attending Colonel Seymour's death, illustrating the animosity of the invaders occupying New Orleans, is shown in the arrest,

and sentence to Fort Jackson, of the acting editors of the "Bulletin" for publishing an obituary notice of Colonel Seymour, wherein he was said to have "soldiered and died from a sense of duty."

His son, Major William J. Seymour, afterwards became Chief of Staff of the First Louisiana Brigade.

On the death of Colonel Seymour, the command devolved upon Colonel Strong, who met death at Sharpsburg. Colonel Monnahan was the next commander. He was also killed at the head of his troops. On the night of the 18th of July the regiment was in reserve, and was not called into action.

The movement of Ewell's command, as contemplated by General Beauregard, was not expected, in consequence of the disappearance of the courier bearing the order.

NEWSPAPER PATRIOTISM.

The bugle-call to arms sounded through every newspaper office in the City of New Orleans. It met with patriotic response from journalist to journeyman. Many did not return to test whether "the pen be mightier than the sword."

A sad fate was that of Alfred Scanlon.* While Company F, "Orleans Rebels," was out on picket

* Foreman of the "Picayune" office.

duty, Lieutenant Scanlon went out to make the rounds on the skirmish lines. He lost his bearings, and wandered into the woods, and was finally hailed and challenged by a sentry. Discipline in those days was very severe. His response to the "Who's there?" of the sentry was not heard, whereupon the sentinel (Hays), of Scanlon's own company, fired. Hearing the groans, he proceeded to find his victim, and, bending over him, recognized the face of the gallant officer from his own command, whose soldierly bearing and amiable manners had won the love and esteem of his comrades.

The sentinel was still standing over him, silent and rigid, when the Sergeant, alarmed by the shot, brought up the picket line. The surgeon's skill and unremitting care were of no avail. His body was tenderly borne to the little church-yard at Lee's Mills, where it now lies buried, awaiting the last call.

BEAUREGARD APPEALS FOR BELLS.

General Beauregard sent a very touching appeal to New Orleans for a contribution of plantation bells. Why the bells? The supply of tin was deficient, while copper was abundant. Bells contain so much tin that 2,400 weight of bell metal, mixed with the proper quantity of copper, will suffice for a field battery of

six pieces. His desire was to provide light artillery for the public defense. Church belfries, school-houses, plantations, all made their tribute.

The first thing that Butler seized upon was this precious metal, which was sent to Boston as a trophy of his "hard-earned" victory. This collection was sold at auction. Such trophies naturally brought forth lively bidding from relic-hunters and all classes of people.

The bells generally bore the trade-mark of Northern and Western cities, but among the number were several Catholic church bells, cast in France, one, with the inscription, "Fait par Jean Bagin, 1785," over a cross; another, cast at Nantes, France, 1786; others, cast in 1775, 1776 and 1783. A very elaborately decorated one was from the First Presbyterian Church of Shreveport, La.

Quoted herewith is the beautiful poem by Paul Hayne, inspired by the sacrifice of the bells:

"BEAUREGARD'S APPEAL."

"Yea! though the need is bitter,
Take down those sacred bells!
Whose music spoke of our hallowed joys
And passionate farewells.

But ere ye fall dismantled,
Ring out, deep bells! once more;
And pour on the waves of the passing wind
The symphonies of yore.

"Let the latest born be welcomed
By pealings glad and long;
Let the latest dead, in the churchyard bed,
Be laid with solemn song.

"And the bell above them throbbing,
Should sound in mournful tone,
As if in the grief for a human death,
They prophesied their own.

"Then crush the struggling sorrow;
Feed high the furnace fires!
That shall mould into deep-mouthed guns of bronze
The bells from a hundred spires.

"A cause like ours is holy,
And useth holy things,
And over the storm of a righteous strife,
May shine the angels' wings.

"Where'er our duty leads us,
The grace of God is there,
And the lurid shrine of war may hold
The Eucharist of prayer."

CHAPTER XII.

ORLEANS GUARDS.

SHILOH TO CORINTH.

NO more devoted band of men defended the Confederacy than the Battalion of Orleans Guards, which answered Beauregard's ninety-day call, with an enlistment of 411 men. Major Queyrouse commanded. He received a wound at Shiloh, from which he suffered longer than the term of enlistment.

Some incidents of the service of these gallant volunteers, flower of New Orleans' manhood, may assist to a comprehension of the glory of their deeds.

From the Journal of the Orleans Guards we learn that on "April 4, 1862, they left Monte Rey on the right; halted on a hill half a mile further. During the halt, the battle-flag of General Hardie's Division was paraded in front of the battalion, so that it could be recognized on the battlefield. The battalion resumed its marching order, the Crescent Regiment to the left, the Eighteenth Louisiana to the right. Met a cavalry officer exhibiting General Polk's battle-flag for recognition before going into battle.

"April 5th. Heavy rain. Resumed marching, here and there, over dead horses and pools of blood. Toward 2 p. m., our light baggage was abandoned along the road, and our muskets loaded. At 3 o'clock General Bragg passed the battalion and was received with cheers. At 4 o'clock, camped in the woods near the

Tennessee River. About 8 a. m., passed through the abandoned camp of the Sixth Iowa; found there an abundant supply of delicacies for ten regiments. The Crescent here diverged in its line of march from the Orleans and the Eighteenth Louisiana. A little further on it was assailed by a brisk fire from a Kentucky and

Tennessee regiment. These troops, at the sight of the blue uniforms brought from New Orleans, mistook the battalion for the enemy. Two of our men were killed through this error. They were now awaiting our attack, having already repulsed the Sixteenth Louisiana. The cry of 'Forward! the Eighteenth,' was now heard on our right. 'Follow me!' was given in the well-known voice of Colonel Mouton. Then the regiment disappeared as it charged up the hill. It had charged full of fire, and its ranks well dressed. When we saw it again it was mutilated, cut to pieces, leaving behind it a trail of blood, their faces gory with hideous wounds. At this point Colonel Queyrouse gave the order to charge, to the Orleans Battalion. The men moved forward as a machine to the top of the plateau. The command of fix bayonets was given, and the men moved forward with a hurrah, striking a double-quick under galling fire. The battle-flag fell from the hands of G. Poree, the color-bearer, who was shot dead. Before touching the ground it was caught by Gallot, who was shot through the head. Then it was seized by Coiron, whose arm was shattered while holding it. The fourth standard-bearer was Percy, who was also wounded. The fifth time it was seized without ever having touched the ground, and upheld by an unknown private soldier.

"At forty paces from the enemy we opened fire. This lasted for a few moments, when they were driven from the field. The tramp, tramp of a large body of men was heard. While we were expecting total destruction, the division reached the flag, with white center ovale, which had been pointed out as Hardee's ensign. These troops avenged fully the losses which had been inflicted on the Orleans Battalion and the eighteenth Louisiana."*

FATHER TURGIS.

WITH the battalion marched Father Turgis, a priest who had been a soldier in his day, and who was still enough of a trooper to enjoy the incense of battle. This patriot-priest shared the hardships of the men, followed them into the thickest of the fight, and administered the solace of religion to both armies.

His time with the great Archer came at the close of the war. His body was followed to the tomb by the largest procession ever seen in New Orleans.

He had a happy, genial nature. His goodness, united to buoyant spirits, made him the most popular of spiritual guides to the soldiers.

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* Among the lost were Colonel Queyrouse, Captain Tetrau, Lieutenant Morino and 25 per cent of our number. Captain Charles Roman succeeded in command.

The colors of the battalion were now put upon the breast of Private Fenot. As the blue color of our uniform was not in the odor of sanctity with the sharpshooters, the men were ordered to turn their uniforms wrong side outwards, giving us the appearance of going to a masquerade ball. As we marched on, Beauregard passed by. He was received with a prolonged cheer. Waving his sword, he cried: "Forward! fellow-soldiers of Louisiana. One more effort and the day is ours."

Mouton repeated the same cry and rushed into the fight. Colonel Mouton was wounded. He was succeeded by Colonel Alfred Roman. At the moment of hesitation in our ranks, General Beauregard rushed up and, seizing the colors, shouted, "Forward!" He was relieved by Colonel Numa Augustin, his aide.

Both the Battalion and the Eighteenth suffered enormously, with a loss of about 33 per cent of the whole number in line.

The standard finally passed into the hands of Major Ernest Puech, who planted it in the ground until the line was re-formed. During the following day the troops fell back upon Corinth. The troops were shoeless, on account of swollen feet. No food was issued on the retreat.

Arriving at Corinth, the dreary place seemed like Paradise, our tents palaces, and old friends we hugged as brothers."

The Confederate Cause seemed certain of victory on the first day's battle at Shiloh, although it had met calamity in the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston, a brilliant strategist. It was the most critical moment of the war.

During this day of desperate strife and slaughter, Grant had been driven back to the river.

SHILOH.

General Beauregard was satisfied with the success of the day, and the exhausted army lay down to the soldier's perfect rest.

During the night Buell, with an army outnumbering what was left of Beauregard's, came up to reinforce Grant. There could be but one result in such resistance to overwhelming forces. After the terrible fighting, resulting in great slaughter and the capture of the whole of Prentiss' Division, 2,200 men, Beauregard withdrew his army to Corinth.

The ravine, moreover, was confronted by the Federal artillery, which, in spite of defeat, stood by its guns. The passage of this ravine might have meant

victory for the Confederacy the second day of Shiloh. It would have driven Grant's army back into the river, but at such a cost of Southern blood that we must sympathize with General Beauregard that he quailed at the hazard.

In his official reports General Beauregard says he was unwilling to order a movement so desperate in its chances, and which would have involved a slaughter of brave men greater than ever before recorded in warfare.

This was one of the decisive battles of the war. It gave the Federals an advantage in the capture of Vicksburg and the possession of the Mississippi Valley. The Federals' loss was 13,047 men; the Confederates', 10,000.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROMANTIC INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

ON the 12th of November, 1862, supported by Mr. Lincoln, General Grant received from General Halleck, command of all the troops in his department, after making a thorough arrangement of campaign with General Sherman, who in turn quickly made a plan of action to capture Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Having failed in his efforts to surprise the suffering army, behind the entrenchments at Vicksburg, by means of his canal cut through the river at Lake Providence, General Grant now entered upon more direct tactics, which was to open up the great river throughout its length, and thereby to sever the Confederacy in twain, cutting off all supplies from the great Southwest. Five days after the fall of Vicksburg, Port Hudson surrendered. When the news was received by President Lincoln in Washington, he exclaimed, that the Mississippi could now flow on, unvexed, from its source to the sea!

The fact of greatest importance to the Federal Government, however, was the discovery of Grant; he was from henceforth the idol of the North.

The siege of Port Hudson lasted about four weeks. The brave Confederates resisted to the point of the limit of human endurance before they would surrender their swords. After existing for weeks, upon a small allowance of cow-peas and corn ground into meal cooked with mule and horse flesh, Company C, Louisiana Guards, became desperate, and obtained the permission of General Gardiner, the commanding officer, to cut through the lines of the Federals.

Captain Jube Turner encountered the enemy, and met in a spirited engagement at "Plains Store," almost within sight of the Confederate breastworks. But few of these patriots escaped; they preferred death to surrender, and all were nearly annihilated.

The engagement has been considered the hardest-fought battle which took place on Louisiana soil.

There were losses of about fifty killed, and some made thrilling escapes. Among these were Major Coleman, who made his way to New Orleans; Henry Clay Robertson, and others, who were enabled to rejoin their regiments and fight for the dear cause to the end.

The terms of the surrender provided that commissioned officers should remain prisoners until the end of the war. This was so galling to the soul of Lieutenant F. M. Bankston, and three other high-spirited

officers of Company C, that Lieutenant F. M. Bankston broke his sword in front of General Gardiner's tent—a sword which was presented to him by Mrs. Jefferson

Davis, and thus he would avoid the risk of having it laid at the feet of his country's foes.

These four daring young men crawled under the breastworks of Port Hudson and lay in a ravine cov-

ered with leaves by day, and traveling by the North star by night, until out of the Mississippi River swamps.

Soon Nature's primeval foe—Starvation—befell them, and finally dispelled all caution, until it drove them to call at an old plantation home, which bore evidences of thrift, which often bloomed in Southern homes, even in those desolate times. The Yankees, too, had observed this, and even then had the cooks busy over savory pots in the old kitchen; but ever alert, here, too, was a Southern picket on the watch-tower, the daughter of the house—beautiful Nellie Gray.

Discerning the furtive approach of the dull-gray figures, wearing the homespun jackets, so sadly identified with Johnny Reb, she waved them back to cover—a friendly command which was instinctively understood.

After the unwelcome Federal guests had been fed to repletion, making them contented to ride away, with secret admiration for such gracious hospitality, our young heroine then sallied forth, under friendly veil of darkness, carrying under her cloak a basket of good things, which Southern boys loved. By the light of the stars she guided them, by secret paths, through briars and brambles, until well past the Federal outposts. The grateful fugitives were thus enabled to reach other Confederate commands.

It is pleasant to record that these four stalwart heroes fought on until the end of the war.

If any should now be among our brave surviving veterans, we are sure they will rejoice to have live in Southern story this noble deed of sweet Nellie Gray.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

THE long campaign, and futile efforts of General Grant to carry out his plans, had caused many at the North to lose both patience and confidence. The brilliant victories of the Confederates, under Beauregard, Lee and Jackson, had brought home to them the fact, what the dash and military genius of the war were, with the Confederates, although the North had the numbers and resources.

Mr. Lincoln was besought to remove Grant. His habit of indulgence in liquor was even brought forward as an argument.

Mr. Lincoln listened to these comments, and replied, with his accustomed humor: "I should like," said he, "to find out the kind of whiskey he drinks. I would send a barrel of it to every one of my Generals."

It was not the deficiency of General Grant, but the brave, unconquerable spirit of the Confederate soldier, that had retarded his progress. His peculiar tactics of persistency in assault, along one line, as against the

material exhaustion of the South, came at last to produce the inevitable result.

In December, General Banks had reached New Orleans, with a force to co-operate with Admiral Farragut's fleet in an effort to reduce Port Hudson. He first thought to go up Red River, and endeavor to check General Richard Taylor, who was making the interior of Louisiana very lively camping-grounds for the Federals. He met a warm reception from General Taylor. Northern historians have very little to say of this expedition. From other sources we learn that Captain Dowling and company were sent down to Sabine Pass, where one of the most wonderful feats of the war was performed. This small force of Confederates captured more than a thousand prisoners, sunk two gunboats (one turned and escaped), without any losses upon the part of the Confederates.

It was on March 14th that Admiral Farragut, with seven stout vessels, set out to pass the batteries of Port Hudson. It was a sorry attempt. The Confederate guns sent four ships down stream disabled, and sunk their fine gunboat, "Mississippi."

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE.

AFTER the capture of New Orleans, Farragut's fleet proceeded up the river, compelling the surrender of Baton Rouge, the Capital of the State of Louisiana. His progress was stopped by the strongly-fortified city of Vicksburg, 400 miles above New Orleans.

In the meantime, the gallant General Van Dorn, detached from General Beauregard's army, proceeded to Vicksburg, taking with him General John C. Breckenridge's brigade. They proceeded to throw up the wonderful fortifications of Vicksburg. Undismayed by the defeats of the navy, at New Orleans and Memphis, the Confederates were building, up the Yazoo River, which flows into the Mississippi just above Vicksburg, an iron-clad ram, which they hoped would be another "Merrimac." This famous ram, "The Arkansas," was built like the "Merrimac," though smaller in size. If her engines had been a little more powerful, she would have wrought havoc to the Federal fleet. At her first appearance, she put to flight the "Tyler" and the "Carondelet" of Commodore Porter's

fleet, and sent Farragut back to New Orleans, and Davis up the river to Helena.

The fiery Van Dorn now sent General Breckenridge, with 6,000 men and the ram "Arkansas," to recover Baton Rouge and to re-establish the State Government there, and secure the mouth of Red River.

Butler was occupying Baton Rouge, with a garrison of 4,000 troops, in addition to the ram "Essex" and a couple of gunboats. An engagement took place at about 1 a. m. on the 5th of August, in which the machinery of the redoubtable ram, "Arkansas," broke down. To prevent capture, her commander ran her ashore, landed his crew, set her ablaze, and turned her adrift. With a loud explosion, she sank beneath the waters.

The Fourth Louisiana, Company E, under Colonel Henry M. Allen, afterward Governor of Louisiana, was actively engaged in this battle, with General Ruggles first in command.

General John C. Breckenridge, with his Kentucky troops, had arrived. He charged up and down the line, while the Federals were being routed out of their ditches.

Butler had turned the convicts out of the penitentiary, expecting them to unite with him, but even

among convicts were some Rebels. The Federals had a following of negroes—fugitive slaves.

It is related that the direction of the Federals' flight could be traced by the blue-back spellers strewn along the line, which the frightened blacks had dropped in terror of pursuit and capture.

The Federals left behind vast quantities of provisions and other supplies, but the wagons of the Confederates were so filled with the wounded and dying that the hungry army had to pass them by.

General Van Dorn did not hold Baton Rouge, but, undismayed, proceeded to Port Hudson, a more important point.

Admiral Schley, of Spanish-American War fame, gave utterance to the opinion, that the Confederates did their greatest defensive work before Port Hudson.

CHAPTER XV.

CHICKASAW BAYOU.

ON the 27th of September, 1862, the Thirty-first Louisiana, in Baldwin's Brigade, composed of the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-first Regiments, were camped near the old City Cemetery.

Sherman's Army had been preparing for a week to make an attack; the Louisianians were defending the line. Major Humble was killed; also C. H. Morrison and Lieutenant-Colonel Sidney Griffin.

The Chickasaw Bayou was low, forming lakes at intervals. A ravine in between the two lakes was intrenched on either side by the Confederates. Sherman's sharpshooters filled the woods, and commenced firing, which was returned with great energy, by the Confederates. They had to raise their arms over the parapet and fire at random, without sighting. The Federals were so numerous it was hard to miss them.

The battle lasted four days, which was sharp-shooting on the part of the Federals and an effort to hold their position on the part of the Confederates.

On the right side of the ravine were the supplies;

on the left or south side, the Federals, who made their way through the ravine, and took shelter behind the earthworks. So near were they that the guns were at close range. The woods were filled with the main army, towards which the fire of the Confederates was directed. The Federals, under shelter of night, fell back to their command.

The Thirty-first Louisiana held their position to the end of the engagement, which continued a heavy skirmishing until retirement of the Federals.

THE REGIMENT SEPARATED.

An incident of the engagement was the separation of the regiment by the ravine. Those on the south side exhausted their ammunition, and it became necessary to send a supply to them. It was a dangerous undertaking, for the accomplishment of which the Colonel selected W. A. Collins, of Company H, Thirty-first Louisiana. Corporal Collins eagerly volunteered for the task, which at that time was considered a venture of great risk.

To divert the attention of the enemy, the regiment was ordered to open up heavy fire, as he was going across, which relieved the situation of serious danger. The mission was successfully accomplished, and Cor-

poral Collins was promoted to a Lieutenancy the very next day. The heaviest losses sustained by the Federals were in front of the fire of the Louisiana Brigade at Chickasaw Bayou.

Before our earthworks, occupied by the other regiments of our brigade, was a large cotton plantation, across which the Federals charged on the Confederate lines. The Federal losses were very great. The Confederates were protected behind their breastworks, while the Federals were in the open field.

The following day the Federals sent a flag of truce, asking a cessation of hostilities, which was readily granted.

To the surprise and relief of the Confederates, the dawn revealed that the Federals had embarked on their transports and had proceeded to capture Arkansas Post.

Porter's fleet remained in the Bends above Vicksburg, and kept up the shelling of Vicksburg. Lieutenant-Colonel Sidney Griffin, of Union Parish, was killed a few days after the beginning of the Siege of Vicksburg. He was an able commander, and had the love and respect of his whole command.

THE BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON.

This same Louisiana Brigade was engaged in the Battle of Port Gibson, which General Grant opened

on the first of May. On the second day it began the retreat toward Vicksburg, destroying the bridge at Bayou Pierre. General Bowen was in command of the Confederate forces.*

They crossed the bridge at Big Black, under fire, and burned it behind them.

The brigade was engaged in the battle at Champion Hill, then in the siege at Vicksburg.

Another brave Louisianian who fell at Vicksburg was Colonel Matt Rogers, of Ouachita, who was killed near the same spot as Colonel Griffin.

The men in the siege preserved their good nature and courage. A big pot of sassafras tea was kept brewing in the camp, which was free to all. As the supply diminished, more water was added and the pot kept boiling, which made a fine beverage to go with the field-pea bread. An occasional ration of mule meat rounded out the bill of fare.

* They crossed the bridge at Big Black, under fire, and burned it behind them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILL.

OF great strategic importance to both armies was the possession of Champion Hill, inasmuch as it opened a route to Vicksburg. Heroic Louisianians, under command of General Baldwin, were in this engagement, General John E. Bowen in command. Baldwin's Brigade had occupied Port Gibson. After a day's fighting they commenced the retreat toward Vicksburg, burning bridges behind them. General Tracy fell at Port Gibson. There were only a few Confederates who did the work. The enemy thought they were skirmishers, because they were so hard to hit. They crossed over the pontoon bridge at Big Black, and burned it under fire, joining the Confederates at Champion Hill.

The crucial period of the war between the States came co-ordinate with the carnage at Gettysburg and the suffering, endurance and final surrender at Vicksburg.

After the fall of Memphis, New Orleans and Baton Rouge, the Confederacy only had possession of that part of the Mississippi River which lies between Vicks-

burg and Port Hudson. This position enabled us to blockade the river, and, the more important still, to keep in communication with West Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, whence we drew supplies for the army in the field. Another important line for transportation of supplies was by way of Red River. To hold these points was vital to the Confederacy; to cut them off and open up the Mississippi River, from Cairo to the Gulf, was the determination of General Grant; hence the heroic sacrifice of our people, besieged at Vicksburg, and their resistance to assault, until our men fainted from hunger in the trenches, and the children wailed for bread in the homes.

Farragut had attempted to assail it, but Vicksburg was high on her several hills, and impregnable from water attack.

The limitations of this article prevent our touching upon the many strategic movements of Grant to reach this citadel—all of which were a succession of failures and disasters. After making a conjunction with Sherman, there was another plan of operation to dislodge our brave Southern boys on the bluff, which makes far the most thrilling history of the war.

Finally, General Grant determined to push his army in between the position of General Joseph E.

Johnston at Jackson, and General Pemberton at Vicksburg. In this territory, on the 15th of May, 1863, having captured and devastated Jackson, Grant encountered Pemberton at "Champion Hill," where he had taken up a strong position. This battle, where the losses on either side approximated three thousand men, more than the whole fatality of the Spanish-American War, is scarcely known, it is said, to the millions of youth who study American history.

To care for the suffering wounded, and remove our honored dead to decent sepulture, was the heroic part to be borne by the Southern women of the vicinity. The brave soul who went over the appalling field of blood, with ministrations of comfort and mercy, was the wife of General John E. Bowen.

In the Mexican service were two devoted comrades: Lieutenant Bowen and Captain Grant. Bowen was rich—Grant was poor.

In the war between the States, these two friends came to a parting of the ways. Lieutenant Bowen offered his services to the Confederacy; Captain Grant to the Union. Lieutenant Bowen was commissioned Colonel of the First Missouri Infantry. He was in the Western Division. For gallantry in action, he rose to the rank of Major-General, and was second in command under Pemberton at Vicksburg.

Mrs. Bowen followed her husband into every post of danger, and rendered such services to the cause as only a woman of keen wit, ardent patriotism, and unflinching courage could do. It is said that hundreds would have perished at Champion Hill but for her ministrations.

General Grant had given the wife of his former friend a general passport through the lines, to come and go at will. While her husband was at Vicksburg, she made stopping place at the plantation home of Mrs. Madison Smith, in Hinds County, Miss. A matron of unflinching courage, and devoted to the cause, her home was open at all times to the soldiers or sympathizers. It was here that Mrs. Bowen brought in the wounded from the field, and hundreds were nursed back to life. In the trunks which she so often brought through the lines were numerous volumnious petticoats and gowns of soft cotton, which were speedily converted into bandages and scraped into lint, and indeed it was said that, for so delicate a lady, she carried about with her an immoderate supply of liquor. A woman who could be so nervy on the field needed a lot of restoratives at home. She could truthfully swear that the Confederate soldier's need was her necessity.

Fate had in store a cruel reward for Mrs. Bowen. While she was on the firing line, assisting night and day, to assuage the tortures of our sufferers, General Bowen was wounded in Vicksburg from a bomb thrown by General Grant's troops. General Grant gave her escort and conveyance to meet her husband, and she nursed and removed him to a plantation in the country. He survived this attack. Finally he succumbed, and was buried, and still lies unclaimed or unidentified, so far as known.

After offering her supreme sacrifice on her country's altar, Mrs. Bowen returned to the front. She had three brothers still in the army. When the Confederates retreated before Sherman's march to the sea, Mrs. Bowen went with them, always in the hospital or on the battlefield. When General Sherman occupied Atlanta, he learned that Mrs. Bowen was there. He called and urged her to accept an escort out of the lines, telling her that trouble was ahead, and that Atlanta was no place for a woman. She told him firmly but gentle she did not intend to leave the South so long as there was a Confederate soldier left to suffer in the field.

She kept faith alive until the last sad surrender, then she returned to her home in St. Louis, where she lived and died in honor, on January 10, 1904.

Mrs. Bowen was one of the founders of the Missouri Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and contributed largely toward the building of the Home for Confederate Soldiers at Higginsville, Mo.

May she rest in peace, valiant woman of the South!

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANT'S CANAL, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LOUISIANA.

STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SLAVE.

IN pursuance of our stories of the campaign in the Mississippi Valley, we find that on the 12th of November, 1862, General Grant received from General Halleck, command of all the troops in his department. He at once made concert of action with General Sherman, who quickly made a plan to capture Vicksburg and Port Hudson, opening up the great river throughout its length, and severing the Confederacy in twain.

One of the plans of Grant to reach the Confederates intrenched on the heights of Vicksburg, was to detail Sherman to cut a canal across the peninsular in the great bend of the river east of Vicksburg. Perhaps all are not familiar with the topography of the country in this section, where the river winds for a hundred miles or more like a tortuous serpent, forming acute angles in the channel, setting the current now

against one bank, then the other; forming that rich section of the Mississippi Valley known as the Bends. General Sherman continued at work on this device until early in March, when a sudden flood in the river overflowed the peninsular. He was compelled to make a hasty retreat, to avoid the drowning of his army.

The same flood catastrophe is ever overwhelming the Bends; it is a section inured to tragedy, as to prosperity, and bears both with noble equanimity.

Into this rich country, so necessary to the Confederate cause, General Grant poured his army.

About seventy-five miles above Vicksburg lies the northern boundary of Louisiana, a country glowing in the prodigal beauties of nature, owned and brought to the highest degree of productiveness by cultured and scientific planters, for the most part scions of a proud, hearty and developed race of Anglo-Saxon ancestry. Each home was a manor surrounded by an estate of which any English country gentleman could be proud. The lands were cultivated by armies of slaves, it is true, but slaves so protected by the intelligence, the conscience and the wisdom of their masters, that the hours of labor had always for its accompaniment the mellow chorus of the negro field chant, the predominant note of which was contentment. No railroads disturbed

this kingdom unto itself, but the great river palaces anchored before each great plantation. A lake as beautiful as Como, and like unto it, encircled partly the little metropolis of this paradise.

When the first pioneers from Virginia and Georgia stopped their caravans here, startling the herds of deer and flocks of game laving on the banks, they thanked God; but when they cast their lines and nets, and brought forth wonderful hauls of fish of all variety, they decided to there abide, and they christened the beautiful like, "Providence."

It was toward this rich region that General Grant next turned his efforts. The scheme was to cut another canal from the Mississippi River into Lake Providence, carry his flotilla through the lake up to the mouth of the Bayou Tensas, then move his boats down the bayou until he reached a point of the river below Vicksburg. This scheme failed utterly, but he succeeded in leaving a trail of ruin, rapine, and havoc along his track.

Always after the fleshpots, the officers soon selected for themselves comfortable mansions.

In this connection, I will relate a pathetic story involving a faithful slave.

Six miles below Lake Providence, where, often, has been enacted the tragedy of the flood, was the plantation home of Colonel Warren Magruder B.—a stately mansion, broad acres of waving grain, shimmering stretches of fleecy cotton, herds grazing on green pastures—it all seemed very good to the General and his cohorts.

Accordingly, it was here he made his headquarters. The soldiers were given liberty to destroy what might seem unprotected property. The owner being beyond the age of service to the Confederacy, had removed, with his negroes and fine horses, to his place in the hill country reserved for this purpose in time of floods.

ARLINGTON, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LOUISIANA,
The home of General Edward Sparrow, one of the Senators from Louisiana to the Confederate Congress,
also a signer of the Article of Secession, and of the Constitution
of the Confederate States of America.

The home on the banks of the Mississippi had been left in charge of trusted house servants. These, bribed with promises of fortune, and won over by flattery, offered little resistance to the vandalism of the soldiery.

The family portraits and works of art were made targets for camp amusement; the library, elegant furniture, and all, given over to the marauders, to extract, if need be, the hiding-places of money or treasure.

The Federals soon found the retreat of Colonel W. M. B. When he protested ignorance of any such hiding place, a noose was put around his neck, and he was subjected to indignities, as though a criminal.

Henry Bates was the foreman and confidential servant of Colonel W. M. B. He had used his privilege as a negro to go within Federal lines. He practiced many artful expedients to obtain for his master, cigars, tobacco and such other luxuries as were unobtainable in the Confederate lines. He was on an expedition of this kind at the time of Colonel W. M. B.'s assault. At the critical moment, when the looters were suspending their victim from a tree, a horseman came dashing through the forest, crying: "For God's sake, don't hang my old marster! Take me; I am the man that buried the money!"

Astonishment gave them pause. The slave, going up to his master, removed the rope, and, putting it

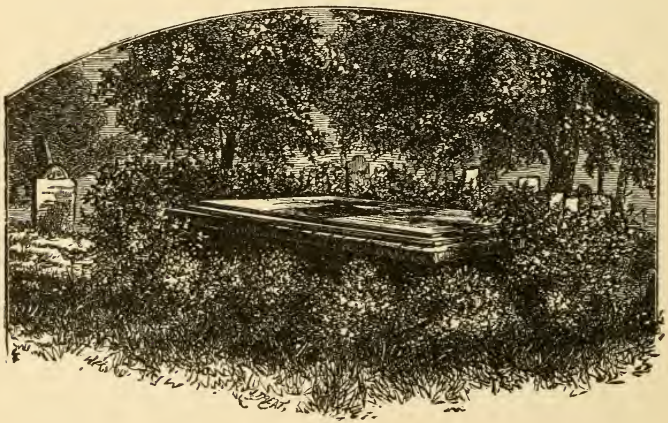
around his own neck, said to the soldiers: "Easter, the house-woman, knows where I buried the box, and the General himself has old Marster's money."

Seemingly satisfied with that, the disappointed marauders rode away to locate other plunder.

Colonel W. M. B., with tears in his eyes, took the hand of the slave, saying: "I thank you, Henry Bates, my faithful servant and white-souled friend."

The servitor, with a cunning born of love and devotion, replied: "Don't trouble, Marster. General Grant just got the Confederate money, and the silver, we used at parties. Our family silver and our gold is hid away under 'ole Miss' ' tombstone in the family burying-ground."

And there it was found.



CHAPTER XVIII.

CARROLL PARISH, LOUISIANA.

ADVENTURES AND ENGAGEMENTS.

Some interesting encounters took place in Carroll Parish.

Colonel Frank H. Bartlett, on the 9th of May, 1862, received confirmation from Captain Corbin, who commanded the pickets at Caledonia, near the Arkansas line on Bayou Macon, just six miles from Bunch's Bend, that the enemy had surprised his guard and crossed the Macon. Rallying every available man who could be spared from guarding the railroad crossing at Delhi, and the courthouse at Floyd, parish seat of Carroll Parish, Colonel Bartlett marched gaily forth to meet the enemy. His force, combined with Corbin's, could only number eighty-five men, while the enemy had two regiments of cavalry, numbering about five hundred men.

The Federals were ambushed, resulting in a break into wild confusion, leaving thirteen dead and twenty-six prisoners. They made their way to the Mississippi River, telling a wonderful story of their escape from overwhelming numbers of Rebels.

Thus, skillful marksmanship and daring attack had convinced the enemy they had confronted a division of General Dick Taylor's army.

After giving them this scare, Colonel Bartlett wisely assumed the offensive, making raids to the river, capturing prisoners, supplies and war material.

About the first of June this little Confederate band was reinforced by the Thirteenth Texas Infantry, under the gallant Colonel Crawford, when they decided to make a dash into the town of Lake Providence. The first move was to improvise a bridge of logs at Caledonia, to cross Bayou Macon, marching on, surprising and capturing the Federal picket at Bunch's Bend, and thence pushing on to Lake Providence. Every hundred yards of their route was disputed by the enemy's cavalry, but nothing availed against the daring Confederates.

At Baxter Bayou, where the Federals had cut down and set fire to the bridge, the Confederates carried it by storm, while it was ablaze, and sinking it in the middle below the surface of the water. At the Tensas the bridge was found entirely destroyed.

To the great disappointment of the loyal inhabitants of Lake Providence, which now comprised the women, children and men too old for service, the Con-

THE SCENE OF GENERAL GRANT'S ATTEMPT TO REACH VICKSBURG, VIA LOUISIANA BAYOUS.

federates had to return to the hill country, carrying with them their spoils, consisting of many prisoners, nine army wagons and thirty-six mules, besides having destroyed much of the enemy's property. Bartlett's loss was three killed and seven wounded.

A few months later, the sub-district of North Louisiana was broken up, the final quarters being in Minden.

Carroll Parish, in November, 1861, sent 691 volunteers to the field. Seventy-six of the number were in the Carroll Guards.

"THE BRIARFIELD REBELS."

A celebrated company of cavalry raised in Carroll Parish was "The Briarfield Rebels."

Enlisted in the company was Lieutenant Cicero M. Allen, whose courage, ingenuity and resourcefulness made him famous, even in those times of martial deeds of daring. Lieutenant Allen was with the brave Louisianians engaged in the skirmish at Newport News, Virginia, where the first victim of sacrifice was laid upon the altar of the South.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Dreux, Cicero and Columbus Allen, Bailey V. Vinson and McVicker participated in this fight, and carried the body of the lamented Dreux from the field.

James B. Lingan, grandson of General McC. Lingan, killed in the political disturbance in Baltimore in 1812, was with Dreux's Battalion, and accompanied to New Orleans the remains of that gallant young officer, who was among the first to fall in Virginia's great campaigns. The funeral was the greatest spectacular pageant of the day.

Allen was called "The One-Armed Scout." While at Briton's Lane, Tennessee, he was wounded in the arm and made prisoner; his horse was killed in the charge. Having been carried to the Federal hospital, where his wounds were dressed, he walked out of the building, and, seeing the fine gray horse which the surgeon had conveniently hitched while engaged with his patients, Allen leaped into the saddle, and under the shelter of darkness was soon outside of the enemy's lines.

He carried the battle-flag of his regiment at Shiloh, until ordered by General Hindman to replace his twin brother.

At Ponchatoula, where the "Briarfield Rebels" had been appointed to picket duty, to watch out for the enemy, who were threatening Port Hudson, Allen was made Lieutenant. His first affair was with the small tin-clad vessel, the "Lafitte," which was reconnoitering

around in the Amite River. With a small detachment he annoyed the "Lafitte" so much that, in her efforts to get away, she ran upon a snag and was blown up. It having been discovered she had a fine gun aboard, Allen managed to get possession of a schooner, and one of the men dived and secured the gun by a rope and slip-knot.

Allen was now left with a detail of two men to get the schooner and gun where it could be shipped to Port Hudson. While passing through Lake Maurepas he encountered a yawl filled with nine Federals. Allen quickly ran his schooner into a bayou near-by and, jumping ashore, prepared an ambush. As the Federals came up, confident of victory, Allen commanded all to fire, killing the commander of their squad. The remainder jumped in the water and swam to the woods.

HEROIC SUBTERFUGE.

Allen and his two men kept up the attack. After running through the marsh for nearly a mile, Allen, fearing to disclose his real numbers, ordered, "Cease firing!" then, calling upon several imaginary companions to "Halt!" he boldly marched forward and received the surrender of the whole party. Among the number were two officers. Singly he divested the

prisoners of their arms and ammunition, and, moving them some distance from the stacked arms, he ordered his two men up and marched the prisoners on board of the schooner.

General Frank Gardiner, who was then in command at Port Gibson, sent an orderly, complimenting Lieutenant Allen for his skill and courage.

While his company was doing duty at Ponchatoula, Allen, with eight men, crossed Lake Maurepas in a yawl. Leaving the boat in one of the numerous bayous, he waded with his men through a marsh waist-deep. He crossed the railroad to Lake Pontchartrain, and there discovered two Federal schooners lying at anchor. He found a little dug-out, boarded

the schooners, overpowered the crew, and made off with his prize to Madisonville. Later, from the commissary store, there were heard the "sounds of revelry by night."

The "Briarfields" did some fine service during the Siege of Port Hudson, and were particularly active in capturing a Federal wagon train. The advance guard in the venture was commanded by Columbus Allen, the twin brother of Cicero. Although a private, he had been mistaken for his brother by Colonel Powers. The brother availed himself of this opportunity for a good practical joke. Lieutenant Allen came up in time to pitch into the left flank of the Federals and do some excellent fighting. The skirmish resulted in the capture of one hundred wagons, four mules and forty-odd prisoners. Twenty of the enemy were killed and wounded.

To prevent any further "mix-ups" between the two brothers, whose identity it was so hard to distinguish, Columbus Allen was transferred to another division.

ADVENTURES OF THE ONE-ARMED SCOUT.

At daylight one morning Allen received an order from the Colonel to capture some deserters. Allen set out, and after marching about forty miles in one day he reached the Mississippi, to find that the deserters had taken refuge upon the boat "Rattler."

An old lady, passing by in her carriage, told him the crew of the "Rattler" was in the habit of landing in Rodney, making boasts that "they could whip out buttermilk soldiers with cornstalks." Allen thereupon camped in the woods near a cemetery, and a watch was stationed. The sentry's "All well!" as the boat bell struck the hour, was heard by the picket concealed behind an old tombstone.

Sunday morning a considerable stir was seen aboard the gunboat. Soon thereafter three boats were seen to shoot out from her side, filled with gaily-dressed officers and marines. Allen led his few followers into town, in a gallop. The cracking of pistols soon told that the fight had begun.

The Federals were true soldiers. Getting their men into the church, they barricaded the doors. Allen and his men followed quickly, pistols in hand. A marine met them at the door, and they fired simultaneously. A bullet went through Allen's hat, but the leaden mis-

sile from his pistol entered the marine's heart, who fell dead in the aisle of the church.

Meantime the Confederates entered by another door, whose bristling carbines influenced a quick surrender. The prisoners taken were fifteen marines, the Captain and First Lieutenant.

As this affair happened while church services were being held, the confusion can well be conjectured.

Allen withdrew in safety with his prisoners, notwithstanding the batteries opened fire upon the town.

It was not surprising that so daring a scout was captured while riding in the Federal lines. He was taken on board the steamer "Iberville." Surrounded by guards, one morning he leaped from the deck of the steamer, and, despite having the use of only one arm, he gained the shore and reached his camp.

On the hurried retreat from Collinsville, Tennessee, by the Confederates, "The Briarfields" were ordered to the rear, to hold the Federals in check until the army could effect a fording of the Coldwater River. Here, with a few men under his command, Allen made obstinate resistance, until the Federals discovered the smallness of the force. Then they charged in large numbers, actually riding over Allen's body, as he had been thrown from his horse. He was taken

prisoner and placed in a car en route for the old Capitol prison. The night was dark, and the train going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. When near the City of Baltimore he snatched the overcoat of the guard and leaped from the car.

There were many ardent Confederate women in Maryland. It was his good fortune to meet some of these, who helped him to cross the lines. He was twice captured, and as often escaped after that. When he reached the Confederacy he found the struggle ended.

Making his way to the trans-Mississippi, he was among those who made the last effort for the Confederacy he loved so dearly, and for which he had dared so much.

After the war he married a lady of East Carroll Parish and engaged in cotton planting on the Tensas Bayou, where he died, still in his fresh manhood.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF MANSFIELD.

THE most important battle fought on Louisiana soil was at Mansfield, April 8, 1864.

The Military Annals of Louisiana record that, in the raid up the Red River, General Banks had an army of 45,000 men and sixty transports.

General Dick Taylor gave him battle at Mansfield with only 6,000 men. General Polignac rode by the side of General Dick Taylor. In discussing the great numbers of the enemy, General Taylor said to him: "I will fight Banks if he has a million men."

THE HEROIC TWENTY-EIGHTH LOUISIANA.

The Twenty-eighth Louisiana, then commanded by Colonel Walker, was very active here. The Confederates had been resting two miles north of Mansfield. When they were ordered to resume march, they did so cheerfully. At a short distance south of Mansfield the troops were drawn up in battle array. Over the brow of the hill repeatedly appeared the cavalry of the enemy. The Confederates began firing, and the line of cavalry was broken up.

This little skirmish produced great enthusiasm. A participant says that General Mouton, with his powerful form raised to its full height as he stood in his stirrups, hat in hand, added to it. He swept along the command, shouting: "Louisiana has drawn the first blood to-day, and the victory is ours!"

The enemy rested in a field behind the woods. Lieutenant-Colonel Milton, who took out Company A from Bienville Parish, was ordered with skirmishers to charge through the field. With a handful of men from each regiment he dashed up the hill, in front of his men, urging them to follow. The whole command set out double-quick up the hill toward the Federals concealed in the woods. They were subjected to a terrific fire before they came upon the foe.

Colonel William Walker, who commanded the Twenty-eighth, was mortally wounded, and expired at the home of a friend in Mansfield. Many deeds of daring and gallantry were performed.

Major W. F. Blackman, perceiving in some soldiers a tendency to waiver in the long uphill charge, dashed for the colors, and rode towards the Federals. He wheeled and cried to the men to rally to their colors. This they did with a rush. A captured soldier of the Federals afterwards said that not less than two

hundred shots were fired at Blackman when he was not fifty yards distant.

After reaching the brow of the hill, the Twenty-eighth was ordered to lie down behind an intervening fence. It did so just in time to escape a fire of shot, shell and grape. After resting awhile, it was ordered to charge; the fence went down with a crash. The regiment precipitated itself upon the Federals, who then fell back in confusion to the woods, where they re-formed.

The Confederates were ordered to charge, but they became scattered in the woods and began to waiver, when Lieutenant (afterward Captain) Kidd of Jackson Parish, seized the colors of the Twenty-eighth and bore them far into the field, calling to the men to follow.

After capturing the batteries before them, and all of the horses of the dead and wounded, the pursuit became general, and before sundown there was a complete rout.

THE DEATH OF MOUTON AND ARMANT.

General Taylor, in his own book, gives ardent praise to the Creole soldiery of Louisiana. No nation has produced greater fighters than Mouton and Armant, lost to their country at Mansfield. They should be held

as dear to the South as is Hampden or Sidney by the English.

Mrs. Dorsey, referring to these two heroes at the Battle of Mansfield, gives this picture:

"General Mouton, with 2,500 men, forced passage of a ravine to drive the Federals from their entrenchments on an opposite hill.

"The officers fell fast. Armant, at the head of his Creoles, had his horse shot, while he was wounded in the arm. Starting to his feet after disengaging himself from his dying horse, he ran by the side of his men, waving his sword with his unhurt hand. Again a shot struck him; he fell, wounded in both thighs. He raised himself again on his wounded arm. With the life-blood pouring in torrents, half reclining, he still waved his sword, and cheered on his Louisianians. They responded with a cry of vengeance. Another shot struck their commander in the breast; the gleaming sword fell to the ground—Armant lay dead.

"The Eighteenth Louisiana rushed on. Polignac led his gallant Texans. Mouton was always in the front. The guns were taken, after a desperate struggle. The Federals broke and fled, Mouton in pursuit. He passed a group of Federal soldiers; they threw down their arms in token of surrender. Mouton turned, lift-

ing his hand to stay the firing of the Confederates upon this group of prisoners. As he did so, five of the prisoners stooped down, picked up their guns and fired at the generous Confederate. In a moment five balls pierced the noble, magnanimous heart. Mouton dropped from the saddle, dead, without a word or a sigh. The men who witnessed this cowardly deed gave a yell of vengeful indignation, and before their officers could check them, the thirty-five Federals lay dead around the body of Mouton."

The chase of the Federals was continued by this division; then the reserves, under Walker and Churchhill, took up the hunt and drove the enemy back to Pleasant Hill. The Confederates bivouaced that night by a stream of refreshing water.

Throughout this campaign, in General Taylor's command, fought Prince Camille Polignac, a brave son of France, who bestowed upon the Confederacy the same kind of fidelity and assistance that his great countryman, Lafayette, gave our forefathers in the War of the Revolution. Prince Polignac died in France in 1913. A fitting memorial was inscribed to him by his grateful Louisiana comrades.

OFFICERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Officers of the Twenty-eighth distinguished in this great battle were: Colonel T. W. Pool; Captain Brice, of Bienville Parish; Captain Hines C. Mitchel, of Claiborne; Lieutenant William Lewis, of Jackson Parish; Captain T. W. Abner, of Winn.

The Twenty-eighth was composed entirely of North Louisiana men. Its first commander was General Henry Gray.

General Mouton and Colonel Landry were killed at Mansfield. These noble, heroic souls reflect glory upon Louisiana.

General Dick Taylor says, in part, in his address to his army:

"The enemy was driven from every position, his artillery captured, and his men routed. In vain were fresh troops brought up. Your magnificent line was like a resistless wave. Twenty-one pieces of artillery, twenty-five hundred prisoners, two hundred horses. For twelve miles burning wagons and stores marked our advance."

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CONFLICTS.

The St. Mary's Battery participated in all the encounters along the Teche, ending in the bloody affair at Norwood's on Bayou de Glaise.

A brilliant engagement in western Louisiana took place at Labadieville. There, Colonel Leopold Armant, with five hundred men, met a force of four thousand under General Weitzel, and checked for a time their advance.

After Mouton's Command left the Lafourche country they took position at Berwick Bay. Weitzel followed with gunboats. Cornay's Battery was at Camp Bisland, on the Teche, between Franklin and Jeanerette. The "Cotton," a large river steamer, was converted into a war vessel. This boat, commanded by Captain Fuller, co-operated with General Mouton in defending the Teche.

The Federals, in April, sent a force of sixteen thousand men to dislodge General Taylor's detachment of three thousand Confederates at Bisland. On the 13th of April a desperate battle was fought, and the Federals were repulsed. The Confederates withdrew in perfect order to Opelousas.

The field artillery in the Army of Western Louisiana was very numerous and in constant activity. After the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, it was organized into a regiment, under command of Colonel Brent. Captain O. J. James and Captain Faries were promoted to Major. This organization was composed

of batteries from Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas nad Louisiana.

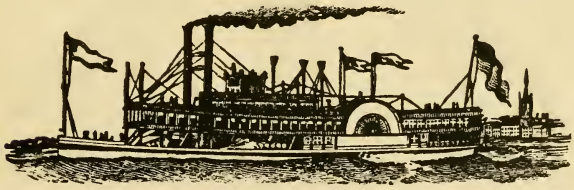
The St. Mary's Cannoneers, or Cornay's Battery, had done good service at and above the mouth of the river in protecting the City of New Orleans.

After the defeat of General Banks at Mansfield, and his retreat from Natchitoches, General Taylor placed this battery on Red River, at the mouth of Cane River, with the purpose of blockading against the Federal fleet, which, on the 26th of April, 1864, attempted to pass the defenses.

The transport, "Champion No. 3," with several hundred negroes, taken from the plantations along the Red River, under the command of Admiral Porter's two gunboats, engaged the battery while the "Champion" attempted to pass. The "Champion" was struck in her boiler by a solid shot from a twelve-pound gun. She was immediately enveloped in steam and vapor. It was possibly the most fatal shot fired during the hostilities, as every soul on the "Champion" perished, with the exception of three. The remaining fleet declined to fight, and ran up the river. The inhumanity of exposing these unarmed people to disaster rests with the Federal commanders. In this unequal conflict the Confederates fought four field pieces against

gunboats mounting powerful guns. In this engagement the heroic Captain Cornay fell while directing his devoted men.

The Commander-in-Chief, General E. Kirby Smith, had his headquarters at Shreveport, which was the War Capital of Louisiana. He did not wish to leave this territory unprotected, so failed to fully sustain General Dick Taylor in his pursuit of Banks and Porter. After the retreat of Banks, he asked to be relieved. He was soon promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General and assigned to duty on the east side of the Mississippi. His last headquarters were at Meridian, Miss., where his noble troops laid down their arms and accepted the fiat of battle.



THE BALL IS OPEN
BLOEP

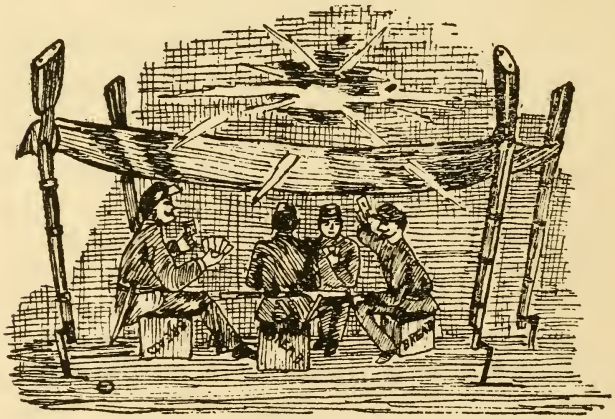
CHAPTER XX.

VICKSBURG.

AFTER the occupation of New Orleans by General Butler, Vicksburg became the coveted stronghold of the Northern forces. It was called the Gibraltar of the Mississippi Valley, unapproachable by the steep bluff on the front, guarded by "Haines Bluff" on the right, Port Hudson on the left, it could only be assailed in the rear. A volume could be filled with interesting movements of Grant's and Sherman's forces in their progress toward Vicksburg, and of the brilliant dash of General Nathan Forest in cutting off his railway communication. The ride of the gallant Van Dorn, with some 35,000 cavalry, in Grant's rear, capturing and destroying at Holly Springs vast stores for the use of the Union Army isolated without supplies. Grant beat a quick retreat.

Meanwhile, General Sherman pursued his course toward Vicksburg, unaware of the predicament of Grant. He started from Memphis with 32,000 men and sixty guns, steamed down the river, and thirteen miles up the Yazoo, landed his troops on the low flats in front of the range of bluffs to the North.

In all Grant's operations to capture Vicksburg, Louisiana was largely the sufferer by the presence of the army of invaders. After the failure of the chimerical attempt at Lake Providence to make passage through Tensas and Baxter Bayous, his army was concentrated at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, about twenty miles above



A GAME OF CHANCE.

Vicksburg, in the midst of the grand old plantation homes—fine foraging fields for a rapacious army.

Not knowing the real strength behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, Admiral Porter had been afraid to make the run past the guns. The clamor at the North

for Grant's removal, on account of all of these failures, spurred him on to desperation. He sent ten ship-loads of rations, under cover of the gunboats, down the river.

The Confederates set houses along the bluff afire, illuminating wierdly the scene, while the batteries rained heavy shot upon the fleet. Every ship was struck and damaged; three were disabled, but the majority all "ran the gauntlet," and Grant was ready to leave Louisiana soil. Although we had no troops there to give him fight, our morasses, bayous and swamps gave his army a "hard road to travel," and offered a very effectual resistance to his reaching Vicksburg.

Military authorities have said that the Confederate Government made a grave error in withdrawing the energetic Van Dorn from command around Vicksburg, replacing him with General Pemberton, who seems to have been wanting in military acumen.

When General Joseph E. Johnston learned of the loss at Champion Hill, he sent word to Pemberton to abandon Vicksburg and save his army. It is said that the whole force of the disaster dawned then upon General Pemberton, and threw him into consternation. While he was discussing plans with his Generals, Sherman had gained control of the roads, so that the garrison had to await its doom—by siege and starvation.

Fearing that General Johnston would come up with his division, Grant called for reinforcements, with the result that 70,000 men were stationed before the beleaguered city. To guard against the shower of shells by night and day, the inhabitants became cave-dwellers, like the early Christians of Rome in the Catacombs. Great subterranean passages were dug in the cliffs, for which high rents were paid. These were occupied, for the most part, by women and children. With the courage of all high-bred Southern matrons, they served their country in hospitals, and cared for the wounded in their caves.

Major Franklin S. Garner,* a young Marylander, was shot through the mouth, and supposed to be mortally wounded. He fell into the arms of Colonel J. D. Hill, of New Orleans. He was then taken in charge by women of Vicksburg, and nourished back to life by means of a quill in the throat. This is but an illustration of their unfailing devotion.

The hardships of a long siege were borne with Spartan spirit. Mule meat was a delicacy, for the favored. It was said an entree of "mule tongue, cold, a la bray," was for company dinner only.

* Major Garner enlisted in Withers' Artillery, Sixth Mississippi, as a Lieutenant, and was thrice promoted for gallantry on the field. At the surrender he held the title of Major.

In the two assaults of the 19th and 22nd, the Union army lost 4,000 men, but there were legions to take the place of the slain. As well as they knew the mettle of the Confederates, they did not expect the long and determined resistance.

On the Fourth of July, 1863, Grant ate dinner in Vicksburg, and he brought his dinner with him, for the noble garrison held out as long as there were means to sustain life.

U. S. Grant—called "Unconditional Surrender" Grant—waived his title to the extent of allowing the garrison to march out with colors flying to stack arms. The prisoners were released on parole. Five days after hearing of the fall of Vicksburg, Port Hudson abandoned resistance—it seemed no longer a benefit to the cause.

* * *

With the Louisiana troops at Vicksburg was Colonel Fred Ogden's Battalion, the Seventh, which remained in active service till after the surrender. Colonel Ogden was then ordered to assist in organizing a body of cavalry for General Polk's Division. He was then assigned to Wirt Adams' Brigade, with orders to report to Forrest. He was with the latter command at the close of the war.

CHAPTER XXI.

THIRD LOUISIANA.

W. H. TUNNARD, in his recital of the action of the Third Louisiana Infantry in the trenches at Vicksburg, in front of Logan's Division, says:

The Third Louisiana was placed near the center of the line on the Jackson road. Lying deep between the hills on the right, were the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Louisiana Regiments. On the left was the Mississippi Regiment, consisting largely of the remnants of General Hebert's Brigade. The General had told the men they had the key to the whole defense in their situation. They swore to defend it against all odds, though beset by a million foes. The enemy contracted their line; their batteries opened upon every one of our guns and dismounted them.

The report of a single gun within the breastworks was a signal for terrific bombardment from Grant's guns. No less than five cannoneers were killed in attempting to light the fuse of one of our guns. Nearly the entire line of artillery was dismounted in the dreadful fire of the Twenty-second.

General Grant sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury the dead. General Pemberton at first refused, saying the battle was not yet decided. The Federals then began undermining the parapets. The Confederates could plainly hear their voices underneath them. The Confederates began hurling kegs of explosives, balls, rocks and every description of missiles, at the Federals below the embankment. On the 25th a flag of truce was sent in, asking for a cessation of hostilities for the purpose of burying the dead, and it was granted for three hours.

"Now began a strange spectacle in this thrilling drama of war. Flags were displayed along both lines and the troops thronged the breastworks, gaily chatting with each other, discussing the issues of the war, disputing over losses in the fights, etc. Many of the Confederates accepted invitations to visit the Federal quarters, where they were most hospitably entertained, and supplied with provisions of various kinds. There were many laughable incidents resulting from these visits. The foe was exultant and confident, while the Confederates were defiant, and equally undaunted.

Captain Gallagher, the Commissary of the Regiment, had been enjoying the hospitality of the Federals, partaking of their fine wines, tobacco and viands.

As they separated, his Federal host remarked: "Good-day, Captain; I hope we shall meet again in the Union, as of old." Captain Gallagher, with a peculiar expression on his frank face, replied: 'I cannot return your sentiment. The only union you and I can enjoy will be in the Kingdom come.'

The expiration of the appointed time found the men all back in their places. The stillness which succeeded the uproar of battle seemed strange and unnatural. Heavy mortars of artillery of every caliber and small arms once more with thunder-tones awakened the slumbering echoes of the hills surrounding the heroic City of Vicksburg. The constant daily fighting and disturbed rest began to show its effect on the men. Rations began to shorten. On May 30th, for the first time, a mixture of ground peas and meal was issued; the food was very unpalatable, but the men endured the hardships heroically. The men succeeded, by an ingenious application of the culinary art, in preparing a mixture which they called 'cush-cush.'

The Federals procured a car frame, which they placed on wheels, loading it with cotton bales. They pushed this along the Jackson road, in front of the breastworks held by the Third Regiment. Protected by this novel movable shelter, they constructed their

works with impunity, almost certain of eventually reaching the entrenchments. Rifles had no effect on the cotton bales; there was no piece of artillery to batter it down. They were not a hundred yards from the regiment, and the men awaited eagerly for the hand-to-hand struggle which was to ensue. The movable breastworks became the source of great annoyance to the regiment. Many volunteered to sally forth and set it afire, which would have been certain death to the detail.

Lieutenant W. M. Washburn, of Company B, loaded a rifle and fired a ball of cotton and turpentine into the hated object. Another, and another, blazing missile was sent on the same mission of destruction, without apparent success. The men, save those on guard, sought their tents for sleep, and all the line became comparatively quiet. Suddenly the cry went up: 'The old thing is on fire!' The whole regiment was soon astir, and saw the smoke issuing from the dark mass.

The invention of Lieutenant Washburn proved a success; the fire, which had smouldered in the cotton bales, had burst into flame. The men seized their rifles, and five companies were detailed to keep up a rapid fire to prevent the enemy extinguishing the

flames. It is said the enemy never understood how its breastwork was given to destruction under their very eyes.

On June 11th the enemy in front of the Third Louisiana planted two-inch Columbiads not a hundred yards distant from the lines. These terrible missiles, with their heavy scream and tremendous explosion, somewhat startled the boys—being an unexpected feature of the siege. After knocking the breastworks to pieces, and exhibiting their force and power, the enemy commenced a systematic method of practice, so as to make their shells more deadly. Our troops succeeded in getting a mortar in position, in a ravine in the rear line of the fortification, and opened fire on the besiegers in the evening. As the shell marked its graceful curve in the air, and suddenly fell into the enemy's lines, the troops cheered most vociferously; they enjoyed the consternation and astonishment of the enemy. Their fun was soon ended, for the enemy concentrated upon the point from whence it came, and delivered there a heavy fire of shot and shell.

The combatants were so close that a Yankee threw a hard-tack biscuit among the men of the regiment, having written on it, 'Starvation.' The visitor was immediately returned, having inscribed on it, 'Forty days rations, and no thanks to you.'

The Vicksburg "Whig" furnished a few items concerning the siege. It was printed on flowered wall-paper, and was very small and highly 'illustrated.'

June 29th found the enemy once more undermining the works of the Third Louisiana Infantry. The men went spiritedly to work making a counter-mine; the laborers were so near together that the stroke of the pick-axes could be distinctly heard, as well as the sound of voices.

Thus the deadly struggle went on, the brave boys never once dreaming of despairing or giving up, although fighting over a volcano, that might at any moment burst forth and engulf them in general ruin. At 2 p. m., the enemy exploded the mine beneath the works occupied by the Third Louisiana. A huge mass of earth, suddenly and with terrific force, flew upward, and, descendnig with mighty power upon the noble defenders, buried them beneath its fallen fragments. It seemed as though hell had yawned under the devoted band and vomited forth its sulphurous fire of smoke upon them. The regiment at this time was supported by the First, Fifth and Sixth Missouri. The scene that followed beggars description. At first, there was a rush to escape the huge mass of descending earth; then the survivors, without waiting to inquire

who had fallen, hastened to the gap in the works to repel the anticipated assault. The enemy, taught by dearly-bought experience, made no attempt to enter the opening. An immense number of 12-pound shells from the mortar-boats did fearful execution.

"The Confederates still had ammunition left. At any mention of surrender, the excited question was asked: 'Why not expend our large supply of ammunition in firing upon the enemy, rather than have it pass into their hands, to swell the list of their captures?' The selection of the Fourth of July as the day of their humiliation added to the stormy temper of the besieged.

"When the order of surrender was conveyed to the men, they received it with indignant rage. Many of the Third Louisiana broke their trusty rifles against the trees, and scattered the ammunition over the ground which they had so ardently defended against overwhelming odds. In many cases the battle-flags were torn into shreds and distributed among the troops in token that they were no party to the surrender. Their anguish was heart-breaking. The Federals who marched into the place had more the appearance of being vanquished than the unarmed Confederates, who gazed upon them with folded arms, in stern silence, a

fierce defiance on their bronzed features, and the old battle-fire gleaming in their glittering eyes."

* * *

Amid the sad scenes of the surrender, it must be recorded, in testimony of the generous feeling of the Federal Army, that no word of exultation was uttered to irritate the feeling of the prisoners. On the contrary, there were expressions of sympathy and brotherly feeling.

FINIS.

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